# The New REPUBLIC

## A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1926 NUMBER 603


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## The Week

AS this is written the French franc has just reached another low point for all time, and the committee of experts which is to recommend a remedy has not yet reported. The French Parliament has not yet ratified the American debt agreement, and increasing opposition to it is rumored. This opposition may take the form of a reservation that the French government will consider itself bound by the agreement only to the extent that reparation payments are received from Germany. While such a reservation would not be acceptable to Congress and would amount to virtual cancellation of the agreement, we believe it would be thoroughly justified in view of the French fiscal situation. What the expert committee will recommend for the franc is yet unknown, but one thing is certain: if it does not recognize that the government must materially increase its receipts or decrease its expenditures or both, its recommendations will be futile. Neither restriction of imports nor new foreign loans will avail until governmental income really balances outgo. Since taxes are already so high that result can scarcely be brought about by tax revision alone; partial repudiation of the internal debt seems to be the only recourse. If that is not done openly complete repudiation will probably occur through the decline of the franc's value to the vanishing point.

BRAZIL'S departure from the League of Nations, though it may be intended as a blow, is a godsend to the League. Her temporary seat on the Council was much desired so that Germany could be given a permanent seat. Brazil apparently had too much amour propre to resign her seat in Germany's favor, so she saved her face by departing from the League entirely. The way is thus cleared for the admission of Germany as a full equal of France and Great Britain, and it is to be hoped that Germany will be given her place without delay. Brazil will not suffer temporarily from her retirement, and the chances are that she will come back. Some other government will probably reverse the policy of the present one. Brazil is economically too much entangled with Europe to want to hold aloof permanently. The arms question, however, and the question of action against an aggressor under the Covenant, still wilt in the drought of genuine desire for disarmament. Discussion of the first wanders along aimlessly in an attempt to reconcile differences of policy by a definition of armament; the second is frankly postponed until next fall because of the impossibility of making progress with it now.

SOMEONE in the Treasury Department blundered badly in issuing Secretary Mellon's attack on the Haugen bill as a subsidy to the American farmer and the foreign consumer at the expense of the American public on the very day when the Senatorial Committee investigating the Pennsylvania primary revealed Joseph R. Grundy, President of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, as Mr. Mellon's right hand in the Republican machine. For Mr. Grundy is always on hand in Washington when the tariff is being revised, shoving upward the protective schedules on manufactured articles. The purpose of the protective tariff, as the farmers' spokesmen have frequently


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pointed out, is precisely the same as that of the Haugen bill; if effective it allows American producers to demand a higher price for their goods at home than is paid for the same or competing goods in foreign markets. It is a subsidy granted the manufacturer at the expense of the American consumer. If Mr. Mellon's criticism of the Haugen bill is essentially sound, as we believe it is, it applies with equal force against the tariff which the Republican machine, Mr. Grundy and Mr. Mellon spend millions to maintain.

STILL Mr. Mellon is logical from the point of view of special privilege in opposing the Haugen bill while upholding the tariff, because if all profited equally from a protective policy no one would profit at all. A national community subsidizing all its members at the expense of one another is like the villagers making a living by taking in each other's washing. Pennsylvania manufacturers could not profit from protection if farmers and everyone else profited likewise. If the Haugen bill would really work, and if other classes could be similarly protected, the farmers would be thoroughly justified in demanding it as a measure to restore an economic quality which the protective system has denied them. But the most trenchant part of the Mellon criticism is, in our opinion, the argument that the Haugen plan is essentially unworkable. This might have been made even stronger. And the logical conclusion to be drawn from this part of the argument is that the farmers and the consuming public have no recourse but to turn out the Grundys and the Mellons and abolish the whole protective system.

WAS it mere economic illiteracy or deliberate intent to deceive which brought out of Iowa dispatches accusing Mr. Brookhart of making a speech in favor of the legal limitation of business profits to 5 percent, and thus attempting to create a radical scare about him? From the context of the dispatch itself, as well as from Mr. Brookhart's subsequent denials, it was quite clear that what he really delivered was a eulogy of the ancient and respectable Rochdale system of voluntary consumers' coöperation. There is nothing in the Constitution or the law here or in any other country—except possibly those under dictatorship—to prevent consumers from voluntarily combining their capital and their purchasing power, under a rate of interest limited by themselves, to distribute and manufacture merchandise without profit. Consumers' coöperatives, though weak in the United States, have grown to large proportions elsewhere, and enthusiastic advocates of the system usually picture it as gradually growing to include all trade and industry, and thus driving out of existence private, profit-making enterprise. The difficulties in the way of its growth, particularly in the United States, are so great however that the Iowa business men seem to have been unduly alarmed. Probably Mr. Brookhart's speech was one that he has been making regularly ever since he entered public life; he is a well known advocate of coöperation.

A DESPAIRING speaker at the recent convention of the music trade exclaimed: "Where is the American home? It's in a Ford!" The home—the basis of the social fabric—is being dispersed to the four winds over the motor roads. Home culture exists no longer. The real trouble is, say the music tradesmen, that instalment payments on automobiles are several hundred times larger than instalment payments on pianos. Whereas the sign of social position achieved used to be music lessons for the daughter, it is now a sport roadster. Seriously we somewhat doubt whether the former did not tend to disperse the family more than the latter. And whether art profited thereby. But the piano salesmen should not despair; they must keep step with progress and exercise a little ingenuity. Barnum long ago gave them a hint of the way. Why not adapt the street piano or the steam calliope to private automobile use? There is no limit to possible car accessories. Who would not want a splendid new Berline 175, including balloon tires, front and rear bumpers, warning stop light, air cleaner, oil filter and radio self-playing piano? Or with Wurlitzer grand operated, like the old Gabriel horn, from the exhaust?

HOWEVER bad the political precedent set by the huge purchases of votes in the Pennsylvania primaries, there is economic consolation. Large corporations, by keeping prices up and wages down, make huge profits. The purchasing power of the consumers begins to lag behind the production of goods. Depression is threatened. The corporations are determined to elect their candidates in order to maintain prosperity. So they pour out several million dollars of their profits in order to buy votes. Part of the money diverted from consumers thus comes back to the more needy of them; the retail market is strengthened; depression is staved off. There is only one trouble with this method. Too much of the money is spent in honest ways—in advertising, in salaries and expenses for bona fide workers. Since this money actually uses up men's time in unproductive pursuits, it constitutes economic waste. The entire campaign fund should be employed to finance the purchase of individual votes: this consumes little time of those who otherwise would be employed at useful labor. It is merely a praiseworthy gift of purchasing power from the affluent to the indigent, which helps keep the factories busy. It is too bad the funds were not larger!

MAYOR WALKER of New York has created a stir by appointing a committee of 500 to study the needs of the city and make recommendations

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on zoning, planning and other local problems. Aldermen elected under traditional political institutions on a geographical basis are totally unrepresentative of the real interests or brains of the city; real representation must be sought in a body functionally chosen.

## Pennsylvania, a Warning or an Example?

A BUSY and prosperous society, no matter how much it is really slipping, contrives in ordinary circumstances to wear a morally trustworthy appearance. It instigates, energizes and rewards a vast number of wholesome human activities which pursue their own paths and accumulate at the end of the day's journey large funds of human satisfaction and social credit. It is easy for the beneficiaries and apologists of such a society to persuade themselves and their public that this brave showing of goods produced, of records excelled, of economies introduced and of lives apparently fulfilled is the whole story and that the society in question is quite as meritorious as it appears to be. Such is the burden of the tale which President Coolidge with tireless persistence pours down the open mouth of American public opinion. But every once in a while some accident or catastrophe occurs and a section of the scenery which the comedy of the society presents to its own audience collapses with the result of exposing some equally real but less creditable part of the play. Some years ago the hearings before the Walsh and Wheeler Committees revealed the kind of corruption which may take place in the operation of American government with the connivance of social and political leaders who pride themselves on being personally incorruptible. At present the revelation of the amount of money which was spent in order to win and lose the recent primary election in Pennsylvania throws more light upon the underlying motives and mechanism of American business and politics than all the speeches which Mr. Coolidge has uttered since he became President.

The testimony which Senator Reed's Committee has already uncovered indicates that the Pepper organization spent over a million dollars in the primary election of last May, and Vare over half that sum. Obviously there is no excuse for the legitimate expenditure of so much money in the attempt to nominate a few candidates for public office in one state. Its outlay is subject to only one interpretation. In Pennsylvania, which is the consummate type of a state dominated by the machine of one party, it is customary to carry elections by purchase. Ordinarily the process is covered up, the expenditure is stereotyped and it runs to smaller totals, but in this instance there was a quarrel between two different factions in the Republican organization. In the struggle to win, both of them were betrayed into unusual exertions which forced them to magnify the methods whereby they ordinarily manufacture votes. Of course no machine lives by money alone. Propaganda is the corn which the political Samsons grind for the Philistines. Vare capitalized the anti-Prohibition sentiment for his personal benefit, and Pepper appealed to the better element by persuading Republican church-goers that a vote for Pinchot was a vote for Vare. But the expedient which Pepper, like Vare, finally counted on to produce the result was the purchase of votes. In American moral economy a vote for Pepper meant precisely the same thing as a vote for Vare. Pepper represented corruption plus respectability and Vare corruption minus respectability.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Andrew Mellon, is the perfect figure-head of this system of government. Of course he does not buy votes himself. But he has never concealed his own belief that it is the chief function of the state to favor the accumulation of wealth in comparatively few hands, and the chief task of practical politics from his point of view is at any expense to keep the Republic true to this mission. For this purpose the Republican party in particular is liberally financed by the business men of the country under his leadership, and its continuation in power is fortified by a vast array of moral and social entrenchments. Popular schools of economics approve of his theory of national salvation through the increase in the production of goods and the accumulation of capital. Pious politicians like Pepper and Coolidge butter the dry bread of the millions of Americans who are not wealthy but who wish to be. The Christian Churches reverently acquiesce. The Democratic party pretends to oppose but really prevents any effective or sincere opposition from coming to a head. If a radical party ever does become powerful, its remedial measures will have to overcome insuperable constitutional obstacles. The fortification would be inviolable if it were not for one occasional weakness. The actual control of government is lodged nominally in a majority of the voters. Notwithstanding the insidious and overwhelming propaganda, the legal bulwarks, the general prevalence of money motives and standards and the elaborate machinery for the disqualification and the frustration of opposition, the voters will now and then be led astray. It is necessary, consequently, in an emergency or in the event of a struggle within the dominant party for control to be prepared to buy votes. The Republican machine in a state such as Pennsylvania is designed as a regularly constituted agency for purchasing votes and the other vehicles of political power. Its recent performance is a frank revelation of the kind of politics which a hybrid democratic plutocracy needs in order to secure and exercise its domination over society.

There was a period covering roughly the last thirty years of the nineteenth century during which good Americans were deeply troubled by the use

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of money in politics. They protested and fought against it and tried many expedients to get rid of this corrupt invisible government. The reforming agitation culminated in the years when Roosevelt and Wilson occupied the White House, and it looked at that time as if American politics had succeeded in purging itself of the grosser forms of corruption. But since 1920 the old alliance between politics and business has revived. Business men are putting more money than ever into politics with every reasonable expectation of obtaining substantial returns. At the same time the zeal for reform is far less intense and widespread than it used to be. Governor Pinchot failed to obtain effective popular support for a program of honesty, efficiency and economy in government. It is becoming apparent that organized partisan politics in this country no longer has any sufficient motive to reform itself. The Democrats will, of course, try to capitalize the popular resentment which the exposure of Republican politics in Pennsylvania will presumably cause, but we are entirely sceptical about their success. In 1924 the Democrats were incompetent to capitalize for political purposes the clearest possible evidence of corruption by responsible Republican leaders in their conduct of the federal government. Either the American people have become cynically tolerant of corruption in high places or else they are utterly disillusioned by the prolonged, dreary and futile attempt to purify American government. There was a time when the acquiescence of the people of Pennsylvania in the corruption of their government was considered exceptional and outrageous. Pennsylvania may still be exceptional in the amount of corruption which its politics secretes but its performance no longer arouses among the well-to-do citizens of other states any effective repulsion and protest. The tacit verdict of American public opinion is that, if the triumph of Mellonism demands a little extra expense at elections, it is worth what it costs.

The only way in which the tendency to corruption in American politics will ultimately be checked is by building up an effective resistance to the government by business of which it is the creature. Obviously the Democratic party is as incapable of organizing this resistance in the whole country as it is in Pennsylvania. Its function is to act as the accomplice rather than as the enemy of the American plutocracy. An individual Democratic leader, such as Al Smith, may carry through in a particular state a personal tour de force in the direction of better government, but his example will not spread. For the population of plutocracy depends upon the success of its leaders in creating a public opinion which is as easily fooled and as self-satisfied as are the political ideas of the average business man or lawyer in Pennsylvania. That is what is now happening in the United States. American politics will have to wait for a revival of the warfare against corruption until the working and professional classes realize from bitter experience that their own welfare demands a state which is designed to encourage labor, to improve its quality and to increase its prestige instead of a state in which the power, the responsibility and the moral values of society are vested ultimately in big business and its parasites.

# The Passing of the Liberal Party

AMONG the unfortunate but not astonishing results of the recent general strike of the British Trades Union Council is the disastrous dissension which it has introduced into the counsels of the remnants of the once powerful British Liberal party. During the crisis the leader of the party in the House of Commons, Mr. David Lloyd George, charged the government with having precipitated the explosion by suddenly and unnecessarily breaking off negotiations. He called, consequently, for a renewal of the interrupted parleys. Although he supported the government in its efforts to maintain order and to diminish popular inconvenience, the net public effect of his attitude was rather to weaken than to strengthen the state in its conflict with organized labor. The three most important leaders of the Liberal party after Mr. Lloyd George: Lord Oxford, Viscount Grey and Sir John Simon, all of them resented this attitude on the part of their parliamentary chief, and they have publicly repudiated his leadership. On the other hand Mr. Lloyd George is supported by several influential Liberal periodicals such as the Manchester Guardian and the Nation, by a substantial majority of the Liberal M. P.'s and probably by a major fraction of the rank and file of the party. As the dispute remains unappeased, it may foreshadow the early abandonment of the pretense that the Liberals as an organized political group are still competing for the privilege of carrying on the government of the British Empire.

The quarrel is not chiefly personal. No doubt the other Liberal leaders have private reasons for disliking and distrusting Mr. Lloyd George which induced them to take advantage of what appeared to be a favorable occasion for getting rid of him as leader, but the pretext which they seized raises a fundamental question in the civic ethics of an industrial state to which the traditions of the British Liberal party return at best an equivocal answer. The question is whether in passing judgment upon a challenge issued to the state by an organized economic, professional or religious group, the patriotic citizen is bound to ignore the possible justice of the challenge and to support the government as the necessary organ of law and order irrespective of whether it had in this particular instance abused its discretion. Mr. Lloyd George insisted that the government had abused its discretion in breaking off negotiations and should be urged to

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resume them. The other Liberal leaders considered it essential to support a government whose authority was being disputed no matter whether or not the government was responsible for precipitating the strike. Their attitude was essentially the same as that of the right centre of the Conservative party, while the attitude of Mr. Lloyd George did not differ essentially from that of the right centre of the Labor party. It is, we believe, a profoundly significant fact that the leading clergymen of both the established and the free Churches agreed in this respect with Lloyd George rather than with Lord Oxford.

The incident justifies the conclusion that the Liberal party no longer has a special and an indispensable work to perform in the conduct of British government. At the critical moment it was not united in proposing to the nation a way out different from that of the Conservatives and that of Labor. It was, on the contrary, divided between an essentially Conservative policy and an essentially Labor policy. As for liberalism in its spiritual meaning as the disposition to adjust social conflicts in the light of the best available technical knowledge and social standards—liberalism in that sense was present in the Conservative and in the Labor parties quite as much as it was among the remnant of the Liberals. The fact is that, as Prof. A. N. Whitehead has pointed out in a recent address to the Harvard Liberal Club, the Liberal party is insufficiently equipped in ideas and experience to cope with the industrial problem as it exists for the modern state. It is a middle-class party, essentially individualist in its attitude toward private property; and in a crisis it still conceives the government as the preservative and protective organ in a fundamentally static society. A part of its function is to frustrate social impulses which may need to challenge the state in the interest of a larger measure of individual and social fulfillment. In this instance the Trades Unionists were standing for the principle that a living wage should be considered a first charge upon industry, and in order to get this principle recognized as against a particularly flagrant instance of its violation, they threatened to hold society up by suspending their own coöperation. It was a dangerous threat, but it was not either an unprovoked or an unreasonable threat. A state which invoked the existence of the danger and the threat to evade or to attenuate the obligation to provide a living wage for the miners was merely asserting by force the authority of a government to govern as it pleases, which tends to emancipate the state from constructive moral and social responsibilities.

The Liberal party may keep itself alive as an organized political body until after another general election, but it will survive by virtue of personal loyalty to a fine tradition and an honorable record rather than by virtue of an existing function. Lord Grey and his kind will eventually drift to the Conservatives and will help to strengthen the liberal leaven which already exists in the membership of that party. The Liberals of the left will be more reluctant to affiliate with Labor than their associates are to join the Conservatives, but they will have to find a political shelter somewhere. In so far as they are intellectually prepared for a new organization of society they are bound ultimately to enter into a conditional association with the Labor party. It would be a grave mistake, however, to confuse the passing of the Liberal party with the extinction of liberalism as a formative influence in British political and social life. Liberalism as an intellectual and moral force has been perverted by its association and confusion with an organized party, and its emancipation from embarrassing political constraints and obligations will enable individual liberals better to perform their own proper task of intellectual and social fermentation.

The Liberal remnant of the left is not reconciled to this fate. They insist that the Labor party is based on the idea of an anti-social and abortive class struggle which it must and should abandon and which necessarily alienates the progressive but patriotic members of other classes. This scruple is, in our opinion, unrealistic. They are fully justified in objecting to the theory of an irreconcilable class struggle, and they are justified also in predicting that with a Labor party in opposition the Conservatives will and for the most part should carry on the government of the country. But an affirmation of the necessity of class political organization and consciousness is not equivalent to the proclamation of an irreconcilable class conflict. It is merely a recognition of the necessity in politics of opposing iron with iron and of resisting class domination with a class counter-offensive. Society, as it is now organized, confers political and economic power and individual and social opportunity chiefly on the owners of property. The existence in many members of the privileged and governing class of an honest desire to share their power and privileges or to exercise it on behalf of what is supposed to be the public advantage is not enough. Their power and privileges can only be shared with a class of workers who are technically and psychologically prepared to take over the responsibility, and the struggle of organized labor to capture political power is a necessary part of this preparation. Progressive members of the middle class cannot by virtuous mediation escape the necessity of taking sides in this struggle. They can, if necessary, shift from one side to the other according to the demands of particular occasions or the merits of particular controversies, but they cannot stand apart and galvanize their ideology into an effective political party. A national party is the expression of some conscious focusing of the salient interests and habitual behavior of a rising, a falling or a stationary social class. It cannot be manufactured out of good intentions and disinterested ideas.

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# Two British Pollyannists

IN America, land of prosperity, laundry sent in the morning is returned the same evening. High-salaried chief executives of large concerns, allowed complete liberty by their boards of directors, make promotions of subordinates on the basis of merit only. All laborers realize that birth and influence count nothing; by diligent effort they can rise to any eminence. Business in general is run on the principle of reducing prices to the consumer as much as possible while maintaining or improving quality, thus enlarging sales and increasing profits. Turnover of capital is so rapid that relatively little is required for production. Per capita productivity of labor is increased limitlessly by machinery. The policy of managements is constantly to raise wages while reducing prices, never limiting the earnings of any worker on piece rates, or cutting said rates. Competing firms indulge in free interchange of ideas; waste is eliminated. Corporations sink large sums in their depreciation accounts solely with a view to keeping their plants modern (and presumably without the slightest intention of concealing profits from the tax collector). Workers do not suffer from ennui at repetitive processes; if they do not like their jobs they can get better ones. Welfare work and research are unceasingly prosecuted.

This Utopia, with its exceedingly simple principles, has been discovered by two British engineers, Mr. Bertram Austin and Mr. W. Francis Lloyd, and described for the benefit of their countrymen in a little book entitled The Secret of High Wages (Dodd, Mead and Company)—a secret the innermost recesses of which have long eluded the economists. Swallow the American prescription, say these counselors, and Britain may also have as high wages as she likes.

We may not quite recognize ourselves in this picture, but distance softens details and emphasizes perspective, speed hits only the high spots, and the adulatory phrases of the publicity men of American business are a bit too subtle for innocent-minded travelers. Let us admit that in many of the virtues of modern business method we are ahead of our British emulators, and that by the application of some of these principles an increase in national wealth might be brought nearer. There still remain some questions to be asked.

In the first place, international comparisons of the welfare of the population in terms of average wages is a tricky business. We can ascertain with reasonable certainty, to be sure, that at the gold-exchange values of the dollar and the pound some American wages run considerably higher than British. What will a gold dollar buy a worker in New York as compared with a gold pound in London? Here some doubt creeps in. The retail prices of certain simple commodities in one or two cities have been compared. Such comparisons appear to show that in the relatively few trades which have been considered, more of such articles can be purchased by the American wage than by the British. But how about other articles and services, perhaps less necessary to sustain life, but more necessary for psychic reasons? We are not sure. Still more important, how about the varying social standards which set the goal of expenditure? What is the relative psychic value of the goods purchased by the average worker in the two countries? Does the American worker get more fun, more health, more basic satisfaction out of what he can buy than the British worker out of what he can buy? Is it harder or easier for him to keep up with the requirements of his particular phase of civilization? And last of all, how does the enjoyment or irksomeness of the job in an American plant compare with that in a British? How much does each worker really get out of life? No statistics yet produced can answer these questions. And an answer to them implies much more than the assumption that the better we are organized to produce in large quantities such goods as can be sold at a profit, the better off we are.

Such questions, however, may be unfair to introduce into a discussion which aims merely to consider the level of wages. Let us assume for purposes of argument that high real wages are in themselves desirable, and that America is better in this respect than England. Is the explanation quite so simple as our admirers think?

It is true that as inventiveness and mass production turn out more goods at less unit labor cost, the wages of the individual worker may be increased. But it does not follow that they necessarily are increased. Improvements of productive processes are no new development; the productivity of American industry per worker employed grew appreciably, for instance, between 1896 and 1914 as well as since the War. But in the earlier period the trend of real wages was downward. To understand why wages went down from 1896 to 1914 as well as up from 1921 to 1925 requires more careful research than the authors of this book have applied. No authority pretends to be able to furnish a conclusive answer. To have one we should be obliged to investigate, among other things, the accumulation of capital and its investment, the distribution of wealth among the various income levels, the prosperity of agriculture, the course of prices, the power of trade unions, the effect of immigration policies on the labor market, the status of foreign investments, the proliferation of waste in distributive processes and salesmanship.

Furthermore it is true that our superiority to Great Britain in inventiveness, mass production and business management is of comparatively recent origin. There were periods in the past century when England was at least as advanced industrially as we. Yet in some of these periods real wages were

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probably higher here than there, as they are today. The economist would furnish a rough explanation of this fact by saying that the ratio between our population and our natural resources was not so high as in the British isles; that our food, our iron, our copper and other raw materials did not need to be transported so far, that in our rapidly expanding industrial exploitation of fabulously rich resources the demand for labor showed more tendency to outrun the supply. May not these same factors influence the situation today? Would American employers guarantee to furnish the workers as much purchasing power as they do if they had suddenly to confront a situation in which the grain the workers eat had to be imported from Australia and Russia, their beef carried from Argentina, iron ore had to be brought from Sweden, cotton from Africa, and coal mined from pits thousands of feet deeper and with narrower seams? Even if they could, would they do so in a labor market always overcrowded by the conjunction of a slowly expanding industry and an uncontrolled birth rate? This is substantially Britain's position.

It is, of course, desirable to increase wealth and distribute it as evenly as possible by increasing the workers' productive power and their purchasing power simultaneously. Yet it is doubtful whether, to the extent to which this has recently occurred in the United States, it is the outcome of a deliberate policy on the part of industrial leaders. Such a consequence does not automatically follow the installation of mass production and payment of the individual worker by results. There are few if any factories, whether on piece work or otherwise, where the introduction of new and better processes brings the worker a wage increased in pace with his output. And there are few which, in so far as they do not increase wages, pass on all the benefit of their economies to the consumer. This is hardly the aim of the business executive, and if some of them say that it is, they are probably making a virtue of a temporary necessity. It is only requisite to think back to 1921 and 1922, to remember the moans of bankers and employers because wages were "out of line" with prices, to recall the drive to reduce wages as the cost of living fell, in order to see that if the new doctrines are really fundamentals of American business practice, they are the result of an extremely sudden conversion.

In order to make sure that the benefits of improved methods apply consistently to the general population something more is necessary. There must be powerful trade unions. There must be organized protection for the consumer, either through the state or otherwise. There must be an economic and social strategy, with institutions to carry it out, which takes into consideration the quality and kind of production as well as its quantity and profitableness, the content and joy of the working life, the conservation of human and natural resources, the adjustment of population to natural wealth and to the technique of exploitation. Without these things we may some day be sending innocent young engineers to inquire into the higher wages paid, say, in Siberia.

## The Chosen People

THE Scopes trial of last fall gave notoriety to an assault on the integrity of public education which the religious fundamentalists had started in certain southern states. This attack, while it was exasperating and humiliating was never, in our opinion, very serious. It was a sign of weakness and increasing insecurity on the part of those who lived by the traditional religion rather than self-confidence and strength. Science in so far as it is science no longer has anything to fear from the cohorts of the Biblical Jehovah, and the latter, no matter how numerous, were a dwindling faction without national prestige. Much more serious in its threat to the integrity of American public education is an assault upon it which the worshipers of a more living, a more jealous and a more powerful deity than the Jewish tribal god of the Old Testament have recently launched. This assault comes from the increasing determination to teach American history as if it were the record of a people who were chosen by the Lord of Hosts to reap a golden harvest in a worldly paradise. During the War various patriotic societies remarked with alarm the increasing tendency to write and to teach American history as if it were an account of the life of an ordinary people, the truth of which was to be judged by the regular canons of historical evidence. They decided to demonstrate by example how the history of God's favorite people ought to be written, and they have recently published a book which translates into an historical text Mr. Coolidge's vision of America as a Providential Utopia which must above everything else be safeguarded and glorified.

The book is called The Story of Our American People, and it is intended to indoctrinate the junior high schools in the American state religion. The American Legion is the particular sponsor for the book of worship. Supporting and coöperating with the Legion is a numerous array of societies ranging from the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks to the American Federation of Labor. Most of them, however, belong to the type of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the National Security League. Each of these groups is pledged to use its influence to secure the national adoption of the text. Charles F. Horne, Professor of English of the College of the City of New York, did the actual writing. His preliminary draft was submitted to the many coöperating organizations and criticized by them. It was then revised by the author in accordance with their criticism. We now have the finished product.

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It would be absurd to criticize it as history. It was never intended to be so far as possible a scrupulously trustworthy account of an actual historical process. Rather it has a function in the moral economy of American life analogous to that of the Old Testament in the life of the Jews. It vindicates the ways of God to the American people and the ways of the American people to God, the chief difference being that the American people have deserved better of their tribal deity than did the impoverished and erring Jews. True, it does not go back to an Adam selected by God as the father of the elect, but "The fact that our continent lay so long unused has seemed to many earnest thinkers one of the world's most striking manifestations of the Divine Purpose of God" (I, 6). This promised land was in turn populated by "the bravest and most resolute of those who dared revolt against European miseries" (I, 11). With such a beginning the rest is simple. The task of gradually developing in the child a knowledge of how the present came to be is greatly simplified for the teacher. It is unnecessary to trace the origin and development of political institutions, ways of gaining a living, economic geography, scientific knowledge, customs and other social facts. God, being the First Cause, might as well be presented as the immediate one; it saves needless explaining. Hence "our" history is interpreted in terms of God and certain "mighty thinkers." "This is a necessary step in the fulfillment of God's great purpose" (I, 439). "Washington made the Union possible. Hamilton made it strong. Jefferson made it popular. . . . " (II, 55). It is all so comfortably simple both to twelve-year-olds and textbook writers, to say nothing of the "historians" of the tributary organizations.

As in melodrama the hero is usually contrasted with the villain. "Finally Dewey defied the German admiral, telling him that if he wanted a fight he could 'have it right now'" (II, 356). The arch-villain of the older history texts, Britain, does not, however, play as heavy a rôle as she did before the War. There is a more friendly attitude toward her than either W. R. Hearst or the Irish World will commend. More recent enemies receive a short shrift. "Australia and Germany attacked little Serbia and helpless Belgium. . . . " (II, 402) begins the story of the World War. Mexico receives even less consideration. When the withdrawal of Pershing's punitive expedition was requested, "Once more the Mexicans were childishly defiant, and again our President patiently endured their feeble insolence" (II, 410).

Whenever "our" motives might seem morally questionable, explanation is made with great care. "The great mass of our people could have no hope of profit from Cuba and China and the Philippines. Hence their support of imperialism was an earnest assertion that they believed we had a real duty in other lands. We felt an obligation to reach out beyond our homes and to aid in the civilizing of all the world. We meant to carry human brotherhood onward if we could" (II, 364). Furthermore, "competent folk must govern the incompetent, or else watch them destroy themselves, and perhaps be destroyed by them" (II, 380).

Moral exhortation occupies a large part of every chapter. The student is encouraged to approach all social and political problems from the point of view of a preconceived dogma or tradition rather than from that of an open-minded inquiry into the facts and from a sense of the constant need of new adjustments. The whole text is woven so as to reproduce in its readers one moral and intellectual pattern which is that of the National Security League. The opinion of these societies is that the youth of America should be trained to believe and to feel with W. H. Page that "God has yet made nothing or nobody equal to the American people, and I don't believe He ever will or can."

It remains to be seen whether or not the administration of the public schools will be able to resist the attempt to make education the accomplice of such national self-infatuation. Since state departments of education are always more or less subject to political influence, they will find it difficult to resist the united pressure of so many influential societies. Indeed it will be impossible for them to resist unless resistance is encouraged by other societies whose members understand what the effect will be of subordinating public education to chauvinistic propaganda. Its effect will obviously be to retard and handicap every social or political movement which depends upon popular enlightenment and popular accessibility to ideas. It will tend to convert American public education into an agency of class domination, of social immobility, of moral obtuseness and of intellectual obscurantism. Every organization which is interested in international peace, in domestic social amelioration, in improved relations among economic classes and races and education for democratic self-government should for the health of its own work actively protest against this conversion of the teaching of American history into part of the ritual of a tribal religion.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1926, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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# Brains in Religion

## I

ALL religions face a judgment day. Confronted by the challenge of novel situations they either die or change and grow. A vital religion thrives on crises. The dead elements of its tradition disintegrate, but the living elements unite with creative aspirations in the soil of a new age to produce a harvest of faith.

The situation of Protestant Christianity today is critical enough to determine whether in truth it is a vital religion. To the eye of the historian, the decline of ecclesiastical institutions in western civilization has been apparent since the religious wars of the seventeenth century. The metaphysics of the Church is alien and forlorn in the new universe of science. Its ethical precepts, adapted to a handicraft culture, give us few clues to the solution of large scale problems in an industrial era.

European Protestantism has settled down into a rather precarious status as an inherited cult. In England, the subjection of the working people to the factory system has been accompanied by their estrangement from the Church. In America, the grip of Protestantism is most tenuous where the influence of science and industry has been most profound—upon the intellectual class and the urban proletariat. Even the farming population, the stronghold of Protestantism, reveals, according to Fry's sample studies, a decline in church attendance of 50 percent during the last generation.

The churches are disturbed about the situation. They federate in local and national unions. They make alliances with education and entertainment to attract the masses. They stir up controversies in the effort to find the theological Jonah, whose elimination will take the curse off the ship. Certainly as far as Protestantism is concerned the decision whether it shall become a plastic organization of growing life or remain the hardened deposit of a spent enthusiasm cannot be indefinitely postponed. Something fateful is happening.

When a difficulty is as deep seated as the one which threatens the future of Protestant Christianity it can hardly be removed by external adjustments. No campaigns or revivals of the usual type, no gestures of good will exchanged by scientists and religious leaders, no compromises by the custodians of tradition will resolve this crisis, for it originates within the souls of men. It is the very substance of religion that is changing. What is the nature of this change?

The answer to this question leads us directly into an inquiry concerning the nature of religion. We hazard no definition when we say that religion is a very ancient and amorphous experience of the race. Its earliest manifestations were perhaps those feelings of curious and fearful wonder which came over primitive man in the presence of inscrutable power. With these original emotions emphasized by Goldenwieser, Marett and Söderblom have been blended in transient and permanent union many others.

The essence of religious evolution has been the changing variety and strength of the impulses of human nature which function within the religious "complex." Economic want, sex hunger, national ambition, racial hatred and human sympathy have in turn been organizing forces among the "sacred" moods of the soul. The most salutary change in the history of religion was that wrought by the Hebrew prophets when under the stress of a precarious national existence they were able to introduce the higher moral aspirations into an area hitherto preëmpted by ceremony and tribal custom.

The transformation in the nature of religion which is taking place in our time is hardly less significant than that which occurred in the days of the prophets. The characteristic and constant factor in this transformation is the growing coöperation of religion with the eager and curious energies of the mind. The intellectual revolution which began near the close of the Middle Ages, after conquering other areas has swept over the barriers which divided reason from faith and knowledge from revelation. Not since the eighth century B. C. has religion faced the possibilities of so radical a change. Then, confronted by the peril of national disaster, the Hebrew prophets were able to bring the higher morality under the ægis of religion. Today, religious leaders are trying to bring intellectual creativity under the same sanction. As religion was remade once by the intrusion of the ethical it may be remade again by the intrusion of the intellectual. The discovery of divine implications in the humane spirit saved religion once. The discovery of a sacramental meaning in the scientific spirit may save religion now.

Whatever the outcome either for the mind or religion, their conjunction in our time makes vivid and unmistakable the most fateful question in our present spiritual situation: Shall the impulse of intellectual inquiry be accorded religious recognition?

## II

The issue we have just raised appears everywhere in the activities of religious men. They cannot meet the problems of their lives, personal or institutional, without the methods of intellectual inquiry. Haltingly but inevitably, the Church invites the coöperation of the psychiatrist in her cure of souls. She suborns the educator for the instruction of her youth. She maintains her institutions by

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employing the most effective financial technique. Even when passion runs high as it does on the question of Prohibition, the Church cannot refrain from asking, "What are the facts?" The report of the Federal Council of Churches is the answer. In theology, morals and management, the Church betrays an open or secret collaboration with the spirit of research characteristic of our age. Will she now bring this spirit within the chancel and invest it with sacrosanct authority?

The answer to this question is sufficiently doubtful to divide the opinions of the most intelligent as well as the most religious men. There are leaders of science who believe that the intellect offers religion a shirt of Nessus in which the faith of mankind will wrap itself to its doom. There are religious scholars who confirm this view by asserting that religion in the past has been able to maintain itself only by keeping the intellect at a distance. In the Cathedral of Durham there is a spot in the floor which marks the point beyond which women might not advance as they approached the shrine of St. Cuthbert. So with the inquiries of the mind as they approach the subject of religion. The sphere of the intellect is limited within the edifice of a faith which enshrines an ultimate mystery.

But the mind is not satisfied with this subservient rôle. One hundred and fifty years of success in securing for man control of the forces of nature have made it aggressive and revolutionary. Once admitted to the scene of man's spiritual drama, it seeks the centre of the stage, recasts the plot and criticizes freely all the other impulses of human nature which have a part in the play. Man himself does not know whether the entrance of the intellect upon this dramatic spectacle brings promise or peril. It would seem to bring both.

The promise which the intellect makes to the soul of man in return for being allowed to deal with the problems of his moral and spiritual destiny is the promise of progress. It says in effect: "I will install the principle of progress in the very heart of religion. See what I have done in other realms. Medicine, technology and education were static until I came. Wherever I go progress follows. Without my coöperation religion tends to petrify in conservatism. Its changes are merely reactions to change in the aspects of life where I am at work. The trouble with religion is that only rarely does it obey its own injunction to love God 'with all thy mind.' When religion followed the prophet of Galilee who invited all men 'to come and see,' it moved forward with the step of youth. Its eyes greeted a wondrous dawn. The great moments for religion have been just those moments when religion has come back to the raw experiences of life and has surveyed them in company with a free mind. Then religion has imparted the contagion of that 'early morning feeling' which Zimmern says was the secret of Greek genius. Then the mind has cut back the dead branches of tradition and the sap of spiritual desire has flowed out into fresh green forms. Youth has flocked to the standard of an imperial adventure. But fear has gotten the better of faith and religion has ended by exchanging the word 'inquire' which was the message of Jesus for the word 'accept,' the symbol of ecclesiastical bondage. Is it any wonder that 'the shades of the prison house begin to close' and that 'the vision splendid' dies away 'into the light of common day?' "

Can anyone doubt the poignant and alluring character of this appeal? No one doubts it who knows anything about the temper of youth. Only a moving, purposeful, growing and adventurous religion can have any sway over spirits that dare the untried ways of a new and better world. For such men the only choice that remains is a progressive religion or none at all. The future of the Church in its relationship to those who will soon be responsible for the development of our culture is dependent upon its answer to this appeal of the mind.

Why not close with this appeal? Why not invite the mind to prospect freely in the realm of religious experience? Suppose it does stop work in areas where men are taking out the low-grade ores of superstition, it will open up veins of truth far richer in the promise of righteousness and joy. The advantages seem obvious, why hesitate?

With great issues of our civilization at stake on the venture, it would be a tragedy if religious aspiration and intellectual research should fail to achieve an understanding. For past failures in this critical adjustment religion has borne the major portion of the blame. The sins of its history are numerous and glaring. With the spectacle at Dayton, Tennessee, fresh in our memories they hardly need further rehearsal. But does the intellect come off scot-free of all responsibility for dividing the soul of man? If its self-confidence is not wholly invulnerable may it not profit by a few suggestions?

The mind, for instance, as it operates in this area should be aware that it incurs the very obligation it seeks to impose upon religion—the obligation of growth. It will have to face many paradoxes. It will have to reconcile many anomalous moods. It must be synthetic as well as analytic. It must adapt its tools to its materials. Its methods cannot be taken over without change from other realms of investigation. Measurements, for instance, will be valuable, providing the student knows what he is measuring. But let him first ask himself if he understands that word of the great English mystic, "By love He may be gotten and holden, by thought never." Let him wrestle with the meaning in that confession of Rabindranath Tagore's: "I saw God, not with fleshly eyes but with the inner vision from those Himalayan hills, the holy land of Brahma." If Tagore is too oriental, we submit the conviction of a western intelligence, that of Beatrice Webb, who assures us "that it is by

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prayer, by communion with an all-pervading spiritual force that the soul of man discovers the purpose or goal of human endeavor." If our student turns impatiently from this "mystical stuff" and says, "let us get down to questions and hard facts," may we remind him that it was Socrates, the greatest questioner of history, who stood in a trance for twenty-four hours on the field of Potidæa and who found in that experience the hard fact upon which he built a career of purifying and saving the souls of men. It would certainly be one of "life's little ironies" if the effort of the intellect to explore religion were defeated by a zeal which is "not according to knowledge."

We may urge also that the intellectual approach to religion ought to be motivated by sincerity. The student of music ought really to enjoy music and the student of religion ought really to believe that there is something precious in the spiritual experience of man. Mere intellectual curiosity devoid of sincerity does not distinguish between cargo and ballast. A devotee of spiritual nudity, it gives sardonic advice concerning the apparel of the soul. It laughs at the toppling shares in the market of the world's faith because it has no investments at stake. The impulses in human nature, moreover, which urge on scientific effort are marvelous in their promise, but when they are at the mercy of others which express hatred and political aggression, you have such a catastrophe as the recent slaughter of mankind. There are no "pure" instincts, and the value of any impulse depends upon the context of motives in which it appears.

If the impulse of intellectual curiosity and invention coöperates with a healthy love of activity, with a desire for experimentation in the concrete and with a decent respect for ordinary human nature, it may greatly enhance the richness of religious experience. On the other hand, a distaste for action, a religious interest which is limited to the esoteric and the bizarre and a contempt for the human "herd" may create out of the questionings of the intellectuals a flight from reality as marked as anything in the pages of Freud and Jung.

Another aspect of the situation which the mind faces in its contact with religion may be stated in a somewhat allegorical form.

Under the stress of a precarious civilized existence the sprite of intellectual curiosity and invention has come to sit in on the councils of the soul. It finds there many impulses of man's nature. There are ancient fears as old as man himself, born with him in the darkness of the primeval forest, suckled on its mysterious silences and fed through the ages by shadowy hands reaching from the unseen and the unknown. The soul often ignores them, but in the hour of crisis they reassert themselves. They are difficult to understand and to control. There are old loyalties at the council board, bred of primitive conflicts, the pressure of the huddling herd, the feuds of family and clan. There are the humane aspirations of mankind, the children of the prophets. The great hopes and deathless longings of the race are there as well as the forebodings, the craven wishes, the fantasies whose spells lure the soul into the false security of a world of dreams.

Into this council chamber of religion where so many impulses of human nature have found a place for weal or woe, comes in our day the impulse of intellectual inquiry. For ages it has been shouting through the windows at the councillors, mocking their ignorance, disturbing their judgments and occasionally offering them sage advice. Now this sprite, angel or demon, according to your point of view, has won its way within the sacred pale. What will it do there? Will it despise the runic wisdom of those who have been long at the council board because they cannot speak in a modern tongue? Will it strike dumb the old loyalties which clung to the soul and saved it alive when all others had forsaken it? With ribald laughter will it slaughter, along with the ancient fears and fantasies, the hopes and longings by which the soul has held its own thus far in its conflict with fate? Will it, in a final act of treachery, open the citadel of man's soul to the pagan lusts and vast despairs which a sterner morality and a cruder faith have for generations held without the gate? Or will the spirit of intellectual inquiry come in to appreciate the old as well as to make a place for the new? Will it seek his best gift from each of the councillors at the board so that no values may be lost, no rich experience filched from the hard won treasury of spiritual achievement?

Upon the manners as well as upon the methods and the motives of this sprite of curiosity and invention depends the fate of the ancient council chamber of Mansoul and of the civilization whose arch of security rests upon the twin pillars of religious aspiration and intellectual research.

## III

The pivotal fact, accordingly, in the present critical situation of Protestant Christianity is the intrusion of the spirit of intellectual inquiry into the deepest moods and purposes of the religious life. If the intellect is cast out from the councils of the soul organized religion has a doubtful future. It may continue as the source of compensatory experiences, supported in static communities by tradition and in more dynamic communities by extraneous attractions. It will not organize our culture or give it perspective. The main currents of spiritual life will flow outside its rigid forms. The dysgenic influence of its creeds will operate with increasing certainty to isolate and displace from leadership the very men who could integrate religion with the nobler quests of our civilization.

If the intellectual spirit remains within the scope of the religious interest, if it is viewed as an ex-

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pression of the divine, if "the ardor of thought" becomes "one of the Christian virtues," risks worthy of the venture may be incurred, but religion will be fertilized by "the powers of the endless life." Many abortive and sterile forms will come from this union. Liberalisms, non-propagating and dilettante, will arise to make their proud boast of enlightenment and then to perish. Ultimately a hardy and prolific type of religion must emerge, carrying in its seeds both the precious inheritance of the past and the promise of variation and progress in the future. It may be as early Christianity was, least among the herbs of the field, but in the end its leaves "shall be for the healing of the nations." To live for the coming of such a religion is to participate in the messianic hope of our time.

JUSTIN WROE NIXON.

# Europe's Two Doctrines

TO understand the essential character of the European conflict one must be penetrated with the philosophy of history and apply the teaching of time to the conditions of today. The real clash is between two doctrines, and the future of Europe depends on whether it is possible to reconcile not the two doctrines but the devotees of the two doctrines. Put in naked form, stripped of all embellishments, there confront each other the desire for stabilization and the desire for development. It is France which takes the lead in the demand for the status quo, and it is Germany which takes the lead in the demand for evolution and readjustment.

Not by chance does one nation and its followers seek crystallization and the other nation and its followers seek freedom of expansion. Their attitudes are dictated by a variety of motives, many of which originate in the remote past, though they are fortified by the events of recent years. France is a country which centuries ago reached its greatest heights. It has maintained itself more or less successfully on those heights. Its very shape was for the most part fashioned by inexorable geographical laws. The Pyrenees, the Alps, the Rhine, the Vosges, the Mediterranean, the Atlantic and the North Sea set its limits. True, in the North there are no natural boundaries, but these have been supplied by what is equivalent to a buffer state. True, also, that France has sometimes forgotten that its true strength lies inside its natural frontiers, and under Louis XIV and under the Revolution and the Empire, foolishly tried to extend its domination. But always these lapses from unity have been shortlived and have been punished, and France has recoiled to consolidate itself on what is unquestionably French soil. On that soil, which has been marked out for the French, the French are invincible. Like Antæus, they acquire indomitable vigor when their foot touches their mother earth. Those Frenchmen who, after the lessons of long generations, cherish imperial thoughts are negligible. It is well to recognize that in Europe at any rate (for the colonial question is another matter on which there would be much to say) there can, now that the dispute about Alsace-Lorraine is ended, be no possibility of extension, just as there can be no possibility of restriction. Territorially, France is a fixed entity, and in spite of the fluctuations of military victory and defeat has been fundamentally a fixed entity for centuries. France therefore looks upon changes in Europe as dangerous. The dynamic factors which operate beyond the Rhine are regarded as a menace. To the transformation that the Continent has undergone and which it appears still to be undergoing, France opposes a genuine conception of tranquility. It would have everything stereotyped. The problem does not date from the Peace Treaties of 1919: it dates from a thousand years ago. France is a nation which has achieved itself. It is complete and coherent. One could doubtless point to minor contradictions of this thesis, but on examination it would be discovered that what France has long aimed at is immobility; what France has long fought against in this or that manner is the disturbance of the status quo.

The conservatism of France is reinforced by a hundred different considerations, and it would be taking a narrow view of somewhat accidental facts to insist on the political upheavals in France itself which distinguished the nineteenth century. Royalty was outworn and great democratic currents swept over France in 1789 and onwards, but whether the political institutions were those of plebiscitary dictatorship, monarchy, or republicanism, there is at bottom a strange resemblance between the successive epochs, and generally speaking France is governed today by the administrative methods which were built by Napoleon on the foundations laid down by the Bourbons. The structure and the resources of the country which make it self-contained and strong, cause it to wrap itself up, as it were, in the mantle of its insularity. Its laws, its language and its social instincts come from Rome, and it has a rigidity which is entirely Roman. Once France was made, it was finished. Its civilization was a settled thing. Its diplomacy, as a great historian, Albert Sorel, has ably expounded, found a traditional basis from which it has scarcely departed.

Now against this desire for stability, this yearning for "security," must be placed in sharp contrast the more fluid Germanic sentiment. The German Empire is of course of recent construction. The

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Germanic peoples sprawled throughout Central Europe and into the West. There were no natural limits for them. In their long history, whether they were known as the Holy Roman Empire, or as Austro-Hungary, or as Germany, which was united after 1870 as the result of the patient and skilful diplomacy of Prussia, they had not and have not natural clear-cut material frontiers. They may take on the map whatever shape they please, and diplomatically may be known under a variety of names. They have striven for a sort of spiritual domination, an ethnical superiority, and have endeavored to impose their hegemony, whether that hegemony was directed from Vienna or from Berlin, on the Continent. When they gain or lose territory they are not finally finished or fatally injured. To lop off a member of France is to cripple France: but Germany resembles an amœba, is an amorphous mass. France is inclined to be static, while Germany is inclined to be dynamic. This is the hereditary quarrel between France and Germany. It is as old as Charlemagne, and today it is as acute as ever. What has happened in the last few decades, and particularly during the last decade, confirms the resolution of France to stick to the established order, and inspires Germany to modify that established order.

At first the French did not realize what an admirable organ from their point of view was the League of Nations; and Clemenceau openly scoffed at the Geneva association; but French diplomacy has at last seen that the League of Nations may be utilized for crystallization purposes. That was not perhaps its original purpose, and the Geneva organization certainly contains machinery which may be employed for the revision of the 1919 Treaties. Germany is not unaware of the possibilities of change which reside in the League itself, and it may be that England, and doubtless America in so far as America consents to exercise an influence over European affairs, will assist in some measure Germany to employ that machinery. Yet for France and for the new nations and the new-old nations which emerged from the peacemaking of Versailles, the main function of the League is to oppose territorial and political change.

It is extremely difficult to be fair in one's judgment of nations: partisanship is almost inevitable: but in truth there is a great deal to be said both for the French and the German mentality, and to blame one side or the other for actions which flow from their respective mentalities is altogether unphilosophic. How difficult it is to decide what is bad or good in the political sphere, is admirably shown by M. Jules Cambon in a little book which he has just published in which he refers to the League. "Let us reflect for a moment," he writes, "on what would have occurred if the League of Nations had existed when Cavour was trying to construct Italian unity. It is probable that the King of Naples, the Pontifical State, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, would have appealed to the League of Nations. Their governments would have denounced at Geneva the aggressions with which they were menaced. The League of Nations would have essayed an intervention. Would it have succeeded in arresting Garibaldi and his Thousand in their march on Naples? One may well ask the question. Nor do I doubt that in 1864 Denmark would have appealed to Geneva when the Germanic Confederation quarreled with it. Whatever would have been the attitude of the League in one or the other case, Cavour, like Bismarck, would have had to take it into his reckoning. Thus, by a paradox, that association which appears to crown the transformations to which Europe has been subjected, would have been an obstacle to those very transformations. Many of those who look upon the League today with distrust, would then have applauded its rôle. Decidedly Voltaire was right, and 'in everything there is contradiction.' "

If one considers the intensified production of pacts in Europe by diplomatists who are working overtime, one will perceive that they may be divided into two categories. In one category are the conventions which are meant to stereotype the decisions of 1919. In the other category are the agreements which are intended to aid in their overthrow. The Little Entente, for example, comprising Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia, which have benefited by the Paris Treaties, is a defensive alliance to prevent any alterations. Poland, when it signs an accord with Rumania, guarantees the Bessarabian frontiers of Rumania in return for a Rumanian guarantee of the Danzig Corridor and the Eastern frontiers of Poland.

France links its policy with the policy of Poland and the Little Entente. These and other extra-League pacts, not forgetting the Locarno pact, which was indeed signed by Germany for diplomatic reasons, could easily be shown to be detrimental to the "spirit" of the League, if the League is regarded as a judicial body designed to effect readjustments and revisions. It does not matter whether they are admitted or rejected by the League: they have clearly for object the hampering of the operations of the League—always assuming that the League should have the power in conceivable circumstances to give its judgment freely for or against a particular power which has secured allies who are obliged to resist, in accordance with their individual pledges, the judgments of the League which bear against them or their allies.

But if one assumes that the veritable function of the League, as it is understood by France and the Little Entente, is to stereotype the 1919 arrangements, then the partial pacts can be justified as in consonance with the League purpose. On the other hand, the Russo-German pact tends not to crystallization but to renewal and to evolution. It comes into the second category of which we have spoken. Whether it is inimical to the League or

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helpful to the League depends precisely in the same way as the pacts between France and the Central European countries on whether we regard the League as an instrument for upholding the status quo or an instrument for upsetting peacefully and properly the status quo. On the one side is a consortium of nations with vested interests who are chiefly intent on defending their acquired possessions. On the other side there are the beginnings of a consortium of nations who labor under a sense of injustice and who consider certain decisions as subject to appeal.

Again we find the fundamental European doctrinal dispute, and however much it may be disguised it is that fundamental European doctrinal dispute which is still proceeding—the dispute between stabilization and evolution. There has been a curious inability on the part of European statesmen to face the essential facts of the struggle between France and her friends and Germany and her friends. There has been a still more curious inability to define the rôle of the League. Is it on the side of stabilization or on the side of evolution? Is it to be looked upon as a body whose raison d'être is to maintain in their entirety the provisions of the treaties, or is it to be looked upon as a body which will with fairness and impartiality consider European problems as they arise on their merits and facilitate pacifically the changes which may hereafter appear to be expedient, just, and in accordance with the needs of a developing Europe? Movement or immobility? That is the question on the answer to which hinges the character of European diplomacy. Is the 1919 system eternal, or may it be modified without shock, thanks to a lubricating League? It is thus and thus only that the European problem should be presented.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

# The Confession of a Human Being

## I

THE writer of these words has come to the dreadful conclusion that he is not a fallen angel nor one of the Morning Stars, but a human being: the son of his ancestors and the product of his world. I confess my identity. For a long time I entertained the notion that God had made me, and that I was born to be a hero.

In my character of human being, I have a confession to make. That confession, in acknowledging my state, I have already made, but in order to follow the best examples I shall elaborate a little.

Since I early determined not to be a fool, and was not born blind, my observations led me to suspect that the motives of even a generous action would not appear, if they could be shown, so generous as the deed that cloaked them. This suspicion, gradually hardening to a conviction, was the erregende moment. Without ever having scientifically formulated the laws of human behavior, I could not help seeing that there are certain observable causes which govern the actions of all the people I know; and consequently have been able to form unsentimental, if not accurate, estimates of their characters. But of my own character I have formed many and various estimates, and all sentimental. In my capacity of amateur critic of the world I have never considered the statement of Dean Swift anything amiss or exaggerated: that the bulk of mankind is "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth." But like the savage Dean, I have my sentimental exceptions. Chief among them is myself.

It is the almost universal failing of observers of the human race that their observation invariably stops short of themselves. This is that beam in the eye which has blinded us to the terror of our situation. That situation, whose terror is made so difficult for us to realize that we will turn to anything rather than face it, is simply that we are all in the same boat. I know enough already about the human race, and without having devoted very painstaking study to the subject, to defame its character to eternity; I know enough, that is to say, to know myself, though myself is the one subject on which I am a consistent ignoramus and liar.

I have been more interested in myself than in anything else ever since I was old enough to take an interest in anything; a biologist will tell me that this self-concern began, in fact, at the moment of conception. But the selfish child soon learns, if he is lucky, that undisguised selfishness is not the high-road to success. He creeps behind a mask, and practices till he can wear it in the world. These dominoes we sport are of several patterns, but the faces behind them are identical. This is a paradoxical way of saying what everyone says, but does not believe: that we are all human beings, after all. We have doubtless observed that in the course of this masked party everyone is being busy, or lazy, as his habit may be, about something or other. Everybody is doing something. Some are even doing nothing, apparently. Activity, or the escape from activity, seems to be the concern of everyone. Most are quite willing to explain what they are doing; some will be unwilling or unable. We shall not be doing the race an injustice if we dismiss all these explanations as pure cant. If some fellow could be found candid enough to admit—"Why, I am merely living; aside from that, I cannot explain my actions"—his explanation answers for them all.

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This multitudinous activity, in short, might be regarded as the floundering attempt to answer an imperfectly conceived question. The question is one which is common to every man, and every man knows it, however vaguely. It is itself the sum of all questions, and so it cannot be adequately stated, or can be stated in a myriad of ways. It is asked, at any rate, easily enough: "How shall I live my life?" This, or something synonymous with it, is the question. Millions of people have never consciously expressed it, but both the question and its answer are tacit in every man's behavior.

## II

The facts of birth, growth and death have conditioned my life in immutable bonds. I have my lifetime ("little" or "spacious" according to my luck and my way of looking at it) to act in. And I cannot avoid acting, even if my actions are totally mechanical, the mere product of momentum. In spite of all my explanations and apologies, my actions of living will be the answer to my question of how to live. I can see how unsuccessful are the answers of others, but whether they have answered badly or well, right or wrong, they have all answered, they are all answering. This is not to say that they have solved the question, or even that any man has solved it. Perhaps the question is incapable of solution, by any of us; perhaps the question should never have been put to us at all. That is an aspect of the problem which has often appealed to poets.

Though we are all confronted by this riddle, the majority of mankind affects to be unaware of it. For ages recently, both the riddle and its expounding have been allowed to be the sacred property of a priesthood, and the Church's oracular remarks have accomplished what we should expect of an oracle—that is (to speak charitably), nothing. Around this riddle, as was also to be expected, the Church has built up myth upon myth, dogma upon dogma, formula upon formula, so that for a while even the riddle itself was regarded as something altogether too holy to be revealed to the common man. The fashion which made the Church sole guardian of the mystery has now changed, and we see again what has always been the case: that life is a personal question, and that no one can answer it for us. We sometimes say it more cleverly, but that is what we mean.

Having been brought up in the Church, and indeed destined for its priesthood, I naturally spoke its dialect and was for a time a sympathetic witness of its method of life. I was taught that the Church not only knew and practiced the right way of life, but was in sole possession of it. But long before I could formulate my doubts into thoughts, the Church's actual practice began to confuse me and make me uneasy. Before my eyes the true Church seemed to narrow itself more and more—first into the priesthood, and then into a certain party in the priesthood. This party is firmly united on what I might call the negative side of Christianity—that is to say, its creed. As this party must naturally be more and more on the defensive, its zeal is tinged with bitterness, which does not lessen its zeal. Since these men are concerned chiefly with belief, their answer to the question of how to live is more and more a verbal answer. Their expounding of the question itself is more and more a matter of words, and their explanations are in the same kind. This priesthood has consequently become a profession, in the modern sense of the word. The Church, no doubt, once possessed that method of life which it still preaches about, but the method has been laid by now while its priests vie with each other in attempting to convince liberal agnostics that there is no real conflict between science and religion.

It was not, however, the absurdity of the Church's modern position, but the absurdity of the Church's arguments in defense of that position that first ushered doubts into my mind. It was a long time before I discovered that doubt is not really or purely an intellectual matter. In the meantime I had left the Church, with the high resolve of submitting everything to the test of reason. Without voyaging very far through strange seas of thought, and certainly not alone (though I fancied I was) I made the usual discovery that the phenomenon of life would not submit itself to reason. The only respectable and final intellectual answer to life which I could discover lay in deliberate death. Reason, I found, was a compass that did not always point to truth. From that time on I ceased to respect my intellect.

I continued to keep, however, a fundamental and quite irrational self-respect. Except for some few moments of utter mortification, when perhaps we catch a glimpse of ourselves as we really are, when we see ourselves naked and are ashamed of our being, I have kept this self-respect. Clothed in it, I look at the animals and see that they are the lower classes. Sometimes I do not look as far as the animals. This quality of self-respect, or hope, I set great store by. It is what enables me to live.

## III

From all the incomprehensible welter of talk and theory and inconsistent action and misunderstood experience of which my life has been made up, only one fact stands out with clarity—the world has dealt with me, not I with it. The facts of my own history are written plain. We have only to look back to be determinists, but looking forward we are sentimentalists of the rosiest description. I can see that in every action of my life I did what I could under the circumstances, no more and no

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less, and yet I can still say to myself, "A day will come." A day, in short, when all the circumstances will be right? It is in my imaginations of the future that my will is free. Perhaps not even there.

The truth of the matter is, it is impossible for me to regard myself objectively. Introspection is a labyrinth at whose end lies the Minotaur. If it were possible for me really to see myself as others see me, then at last I might be convinced that I am a human being. As it is, I only believe it. And unfortunately, it is quite possible to believe without being convinced: the Church may serve as locus classicus. But I am my own best example. The unpleasant truth that man is an accomplished fact, and not a self-regulating theory, has gradually forced itself upon me. It is not necessary to be a scientist to recognize the behavior of man for what it is. I can take a scientific view of the world —that is to say, I can see the facts—without looking through a microscope. Among other less interesting data I have discovered that I am an accomplished fact, a human being. My mind submits to that verdict, but not my heart. Until I find some means of forcing myself to plead guilty to a charge I know is just, I shall continue to stand as a house divided against itself.

The Church's phraseology is for most of us a dead language, but once it must have been a living language. Thus, "conviction of sin" nowadays has almost entirely a morbid or abnormal connotation; though clearly it must once have meant this very "realization of the true state of man" which is the necessary first step on some forgotten path. An intellectual perception of any truth is never enough to make us translate that truth into the action of our lives; our hearts must agree as well as our heads. And our heads are our newest and feeblest members; an intellectual perception of man's lot is not necessary to the emotional realization of it—as some poets and many suicides testify.

We are a people who live on the very verge of the Slough of Despond, fearfully aware of its near vicinity, but trained from the cradle to disregard its existence. We fall in and scramble out, equally by accident, while chasing butterflies, but still we pretend it does not really exist, for we have no way of getting across.

## IV

I know who and what I am, but my knowledge does me no good. I am like a character in a dream who says to himself, "I know this is only a dream. Those other people think they are really alive, but I know I am dreaming; I could wake if I wanted to"—but he goes on dreaming and does not wake. Even granted that I wish to awake, shall I be able? Whether I am able or not, I shall certainly not make the effort until I am convinced of the dream, and until I am convinced that the dream is a nightmare from which I would gladly turn to any other.

I am reduced to an absurdity. I see that man's estate is unenviable, base, intolerable, yet I bear it on the whole with equanimity. If I needed a proof that I am an unintegrated being, here it is. I believe one thing; I feel another, and suddenly I act quite apart from either feeling or belief. To convince myself against my will, as it must be, that I am a human being, not a son of God, would be to enter with a vengeance the Slough of Despond. It would be also to enter it with a purpose, though desperate and unencouraged—the purpose of crossing it and leaving it behind forever. This would be a pilgrimage of a perilous sort, for though I see this first step, I cannot see a second. Perhaps there really is no path, or perhaps the path is undiscoverable.

Whether I take the step, or remain for the rest of my life in the company of those whose knowledge is beyond their power, depends on whether I succeed in this self-conviction. In this dream-city I inhabit, which twenty-three hours of the day is tangible steel-ribbed stone, I have, or dream I have, many pleasant possessions, and my heart is anxious not to quit them, not to deny their worth. Though I know the irrefragable law that this treasure is corruptible by moth and rust, the irredeemable prey of circumstance and time, I yet hope for some miraculous, impossible reprieve.

It is still only a human being, a stubborn and divided being, that prays: Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.

*(This is the sixth in a series of anonymous confessions, in which men and women in various occupations and walks of life are giving their spiritual or professional autobiographies. Another will be published soon.)*

# Washington Notes

IT must be my age that is making my disposition meaner and causes me to rejoice over the political downfall of the righteous and godly. I freely admit that both the pious Pepper and the aged Cummins were defeated by intellectually inferior men, that by their loss the average of the Senate in intelligence, perhaps in character, and certainly in personal pulchritude has been lowered, that in the case of Mr. Pepper his successor falls far below his standard in pious unctuousness. When I think of the rough-necked Vare and the blatant Brookhart, with their crudities and crassness, their double negatives and muddy minds, I have a sense of sorrow—almost of shame—not over the elimination of Pepper and Cummins, but that these defeats could not have been accomplished with better men. To my simple and untutored mind it seemed highly desirable that the Coolidge administration, sitting so smugly behind its press protection, should be walloped in such a way as to make it safe for the Republican party to shelve the little man in the White House and give us in 1928 a candidate of a higher stature in statesman-

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ship, a wider mental range, stronger heart-beats and redder blood.

If, as seems probable, the continued imbecility of the Democratic party and the demonstrated impossibility of a winning third party doom us to Republican Presidents for another eight or twelve years, let's, for goodness sake, get one who is robust enough to command something approximating intellectual respect—let's at least improve on the last two. There are infinitely better men in the Republican party than Coolidge or Harding—and a number of them are active, if partially concealed, aspirants for the 1928 nomination. We cannot hope in this country to continue without encountering soon or late economic, social, industrial, political crises that require real White House leadership to meet. Some day or other the high tide of prosperity upon which we ride will inevitably turn. All human experience, all economic history proves it. My view is that if we are to continue to have Republican Presidents the sensible thing to do is to strive for better Republican Presidents.

As I have said, crises are bound to occur and certainly no thoughtful man wants to face a national crisis under men like Harding or Coolidge, totally different personalities it is true, but about equally incapable of coping single-handed with real forces. If as is claimed Mr. Coolidge's lack of strength is atoned for by the fact that he has surrounded himself in his Cabinet with strong men—if that claim is well founded, then let's put one of these strong men—possibly they mean Wilbur or maybe Sargent—in the first place where his strength can be made to count most when it is most needed.

Holding these notions it has seemed to me all to the good that here in the middle of Mr. Coolidge's term, two years ahead of the convention, four or five great Republican states should repudiate his leadership and ignore his known preferences and desires. It seems to mean that notwithstanding the extraordinary support of the press and the line-up of the great industrial and financial interests in the East, which has remained intact since Harding died, the Coolidge hold on the people was an exaggerated and propaganda-built thing which could disappear far more quickly than it was built up.

It further seems to me that these five shattering blows —Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Oregon, Iowa—this spring and summer indicate that notwithstanding the patronage and power of the Presidential office Mr. Coolidge would be unable to renominate himself in the next national convention. Therefore when able and righteous men like Pepper and Cummins and McKinley went to their political death because of their support of, or support by, Mr. Coolidge I have rejoiced despite the calibre of the victors.

All this seems to make out a pretty clear case for me, to vindicate my elation over the defeat of these superior men. But now I find myself filled with the desire to see another noble character lured out into the open where political disaster may befall him—and if he permits himself to be lured I shall certainly pray for the political disaster. The man to whom I now refer is the great and learned Nicholas Murray Butler, the high-minded, modest and retiring President of Columbia University. I have no patriotic or political excuse to offer for my feeling about Doctor Butler. I have never even met him and I am ashamed to say it is a plain case of prejudice. I have no more doubt of his ability and high character than I have of Pepper's, but if there is any man in the country more thoroughly opinionated, more frequently addicted to advising other people as to what is right and what is wrong, more completely convinced of his own superior knowledge and wisdom and more intolerant of the views of others, I cannot think who he is.

To me Doctor Butler seems a big intellectual snob and completely full of himself. I am told the man has in addition to his other admirable traits great personal charm. He certainly needs it because the irritation caused by his weekly interviews, statements and speeches in the New York newspapers, in which he assumes to settle all our problems and keep us from being silly, is intense. It is consoling to me that a great many others with whom I have talked share in my feeling toward Doctor Butler. It is perhaps low and mean, but I do hope the report that Senator Wadsworth wants to nominate Doctor Butler as the Republican candidate for Governor in New York is true and I do hope Doctor Butler permits himself to be nominated, and I do hope that Al Smith runs again on the Democratic side. Because if these things happen—and they may—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler will get pounded very thoroughly during the campaign and on election day a large weight in the form of an adverse majority will fall on him. He will, if nominated, be beaten worse than was Teddy Roosevelt. Even Ogden Mills would run better. I do not believe the crafty Doctor Butler will permit himself to be nominated. I think he is much too smart. He knows the risk would be great and that a defeat would badly cramp his style as a public advisor in the future; that it would very greatly diminish his publicity value. Interviews, statements and speeches from him after a campaign ending in defeat would cease to be so eagerly sought. That is one reason Doctor Butler, I think, is apt to avoid the nomination. Curiously enough it is the chief reason I am for his nomination. The only other man of whom I can now think with whose public utterances I am so fed up is the Hon. Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the Steel Corporation. In the matter of advice and admonition and encouragement given to the public through the newspapers in the course of a year, Doctor Butler's output is probably greater than Judge Gary's, but the latter is a close second. There is no close third.

Speaking of the New York situation brings to mind the recent announcement that Ogden Mills had abandoned all idea of seeking the Republican gubernatorial nomination this fall, but intends to save himself for the Senate in 1928. Whatever else you may think of Mr. Mills, it must be admitted that if this is his decision he has shown quite unusual judgment. Not only would it be highly improbable that Mr. Mills could win the Governorship, but it does not take a great deal of mental effort to understand that the chance of any Republican candidate for office is better in the Presidential year than in an off year.

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The chances all are that the Democrats will split again in the same way and over the same issues and the same men next time that they did last. This means of course a compromise candidate unsatisfactory to both sides, who will be smothered in the same old way. If Mr. Mills can get on the ticket in 1928 with the Republican candidate for President the chances all are he will be elected. There is just one piece of bad luck that could happen to him—that is if Al Smith should be the Democratic candidate for President. I would not care to bet that that will happen, but if they take off the two-thirds rule in the Democratic convention it will be much more likely than it was before. And in that case Mr. Mills would be completely sunk. I regret to confess that I might rejoice over that, too—another good man with a fine opinion of himself gone overboard. Evidently there is something the matter with me.

T. R. B.

Washington.

# Habana of the Cubans

TO speak the word "real" is at once to challenge metaphysics; and although this might not be out of place in a heat which the Hindus, the Alexandrians and the Greeks would have found homelike, it is not my purpose. We'll not quarrel about the word. We'll assume that when you awake in the morning the bed in which you find yourself is "real" and the golden chariot in which your dream has wafted you is not. And we'll let it go at that.

This Habana, then—this Habana of the Cubans—is not real. Or, if you will stickle for precision: Habana may be real, but the Cubans who dwell therein, and the deeds they do therein, and the noises they make therein, are not. Habana of the Cubans is a dream.

I have this sense so vividly, and of myself awake within a sultry slumber which only half enfolds me, that I am in considerable danger. Why should I dodge this motor-car, since it is but a dream? Why should I count my Cuban pesos since (although I bought each of them with a dollar) they are but the dream-like counterfeit of money? Why should I fear the venal loveliness of this Criolla, since all of her is fantasy? Why avoid the moody streets which loll along the harbor explosive with stars and with saloons, since the tough fellows, who swank with their machetas and with ungiving eyes test my appearance, are creatures of a nightmare—stuff to affright me, but surely not to murder?

Over Morro Castle, ghost-gray, stands the lighthouse like a single beam, fallen from the moon upon the Caribbean. The town is a cluster of stars set upon the sea. Its men and women are winds of fancy, songs and sighs of dalliance, creatures of some mood stolen from reality and lost. At a gate stands a man in the moonlight. His skin is like mahogany: his nose and brow have a Castilian rigor: the eyes are wide and placid as the eyes of China: the mouth has the sad sensuousness of the defeated Negro. He is a tissue of incongruities. Each of his elements, alone, might be real enough. But this heap of contradictions could happen only in a dream. A woman passes. The hips and the high heels are jazz; the arms and breasts swathe her in Andalusian softness; under the blare of her rouge, Africa mumbles. On the curb of a bar sits a boy with locomotor ataxia. His hands shake with the hideous vertigo of age; and his bronzed face is steadfast like a Buddha's. Over him, leaning above a glass, is the head of a French marquise. The hair is white as a wig. The features are chiseled straight from the broad brow to a nose which, at the mouth, dips into the grimace of a witch. The lower lip pouts monstrously and the skin beneath the gesture of her hair is dark and tough as leather. The eyes are clouded—a Negress's eyes. The feet are naked—blue-veined—in rag alpargatas. A dainty hand flicks from the drab of her dress the ash of her cigar.

Many worlds, mingled as in dream, negated into dream. A world manifold in causes, yet effectless: a world with infinite sources and no issue: a world steeped in sensations, void of spirit. In Habana, there began many sentences, and none was ended. A tumult of many wills has brought about this stance, whence no act and no way rises.

Spain and Caribbean, Africa, Mongolia, the tree-choked ruins of near Yucatan peer together through a single shutter of flesh, through glaze of one pair of eyes. As a real yesterday breaks with the night into the crazy facets of a dream, so Habana of the Cubans.

The unreality is everywhere. Bacardi rum, unlike the rum of Jamaica, is a perfume evanescing: when you have drained your glass it is as if a dream lingered in your mouth. The fruits of Cuba are a vague delirium of flavors. Mango, mamey, papoya, avocado, guava, marañón, chermolla, carambola, mangostín, mananzilla, carmita, tamarand, guanabano—each of them is a subtle recollection of other fruits, of other climes. India and the land of the Aztecs pool their reality in this vapor-flesh of sweetness.

Even the landscape dreams. Palms and tropic fruit weave chaos with pines, with eucalyptus, with the hardy oak. Here are woods lighter than cork, woods stonier than ebon. Here, draped in delicate green, hangs the lurid phallus of the chocolate. From Burma, from Ceylon, from Guatemala, from Peru have come these real dwellers of the forest: and, mingling on the red earth of Cuba, they are fumes of reminiscence.

You know the traits of revery: how what the eye sees fuses with the clouding fancy. This is the trait of Cuba. What can be the reason?

The children of Cuba are the fruit of freedom. They are the fruit of men taking release from the sacraments which bind them: sacraments of religion or of race. They are not born of wedlock: the mystic chain whereby man draws unto himself the woman of his life and all the life she bears him, has not touched these people. They are free. For they are children of men who came from Europe, and from the sacraments and responsibilities of Europe, unto women strange and unaccepted.

They are the fruit of the sacrament of solace. Torrents of sense, joyous and cruel, made Cuba fertile. Not alone is the blood of the Cubans mixed (of course, I speak throughout of the Cuban masses—the children of slavery and of adultery; not of the élite whose blood is "pure").

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Their souls seem to partake of the spirit of carousal. Therefore, they are sad. Begotten of sense, they have the unreality of sense. The evanescence of the nights in which they were conceived lives as their spirit. For they are children, not of the lives of men, but of moments: not of the races mingled in their blood—races burdened with noble memory, but of the passion which rejects burdens, which rejects memory. In hours whose aim was extinction, they were created. And so, they live unreal as those hours.

You feel no love in these people, no hate, no real lust or joy. They are gentle and soft: their evil, like their virtue, is not deep. All their emotions are a bubble world. And their great town is but an iridescence, a foam on the sand of their sea.

The heat of Cuba has led me into metaphysics after all! Heat and metaphysics go together. See the smoke of woodland earth, the lithicity of stars in Cuba, and you will understand why the hot nights of India and Syria and Greece bred thinkers: you will understand why the Maya stones equal in subtlety the stones of Egypt: you will understand the legend of Atlantis.

These Cubans, then, are unreal as a dream precisely because they are children of the senses. What is so unreal as the senses? What indeed is sense, abstracted from will and reason, but a dream? Sense, in full license, is the maker of dreams: so sense has swarmed these Cubans. Senses of white, yellow, black and Carib red have made this dream of races.

But, although I have been forced into metaphysics, my purpose is most practical. What land could be better for a holiday than such a land as Cuba? I refer not to the Daiquirí and the Bacardi, though Heaven knows they are drinks worthy of the magi. Nor do I refer to the heat which, like a woman's sash, girdles the world at the Equator. Nor to the mangoes, luscious as the nights. I think of men and women, dream-like, soothing as sleep, seducing as free fancy. They, if anything, will win your nerves from the rigor of realities. Does sleep rest you? Here is the dance of sleep: here is a world inhabited by dreams. . . . So if I urge you to go to Cuba (like all hot countries, Cuba is at its best in summer), my purpose is most practical indeed. For I am hoping that the Habana Chamber of Commerce, or possibly its Association of Hotels, will read these words of mine, and reward them by inviting me to return next year to Cuba as a guest. . . .

WALDO FRANK.

# The Great World

IT is a great world. I have no less an authority for the statement than The Gentleman with a Duster. I believe the idea did not originate with him, but it did doubtless originate in the Empire. Amazing how an idea like that spreads. Right now there probably is not an American anywhere in the United States who would not declare emphatically that it is a great world. Of course, originating as it probably did, in the Empire, the Duster-man and the American would be giving the idea slightly different accents—not changing the significance of the thing, of course.

Somewhere in the Book of Proverbs—Political there is an admonition to "consider ye the body politic, for out of it are the issues of life." The Republican of our major denominations has been recently so orthodox in the observance of this ancient proverb that all the popular issues of life seem to be of Republic persuasion—tax reduction, strict economy, this World Court business, and so on. Such a famine of good, original and highly contestable issues is naturally very upsetting, well-nigh demoralizing, to the Democratic major. In a way it might be regarded as a sort of political heresy—an excellent thing, too, if the sin could somehow be buckled on to one fine upstanding heretic. Our country really needs a Class A political heretic unmistakably heterodox. A thorough-going heretic could stir these United States into a seething mass of the purest made-in-America political issues. I for one shudder to contemplate the mundane orthodoxy of our next Presidential campaign if this present famine fails to turn out to be a breeder of a flock of heresies great enough to produce at least one good rabid political heretic. Flaming heterodoxy is a good and ancient torch to light up the dark corners of orthodoxy, be it political or theological or what not. History records one or two famous famines and just possibly this particular famine of issues, regardless of its partisan flavor, may bring forth good fruit.

There is really no rule that is entirely satisfactory in the modus operandi of our great world. Even the complete set of horrors with which each new model generation is equipped somehow gets groggy and uncertain after so long a time on the road. There is no real permanence about them. Take their reaction to smoking. The wizened old Grandmaw of the Kentucky mountains who has "brung into the world all the babies in these parts for nigh a hundard yars" still puffs her corn-cob under the gnarled apple tree exactly as she did at the beginning of her baby-bringing career. Modern Youth in fourteen-ounces-complete costume puffs its Camels. The middle generation's set of horrors worked beautifully on both of these spectacles for a time. Now it would seem that smoke is smoke everywhere you find it. And you do.

Smoking, probably, in its base beginnings, was a leisure time project—in the days when every artist rolled his own and Duke's Mixture was high-hat. Nowadays smoking is a regular business with most of this great world, and the model horrors have wobbled into the ash tray.

There is still another arresting feature of this great world of ours, namely the fascinating character of Business—especially the way Business is swayed by our passions. Just at first it might not strike every person in exactly that light. But closer scrutiny is bound to disclose the truth of it. Observe, for example, our country's passion for passing laws, and how inevitably Business is swayed by it. We passed a law making it legal where possible to close all the saloons—which in some cases actually happened, forcing literally thousands of working men to strike for higher wages in order to secure enough liquor to have any decent kind of a betrothal or christening, or even a wake. The supplying of the beverage is of course indicative of how Business plays right up to our little vagaries. There has been a meteoric rise in the

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demand for hip flasks, likewise due to this single instance of our indulgence of a national passion for law-making. Business has met this demand, too, with an almost pathetic willingness to serve. I am told that coincident to these changes in demands there has been a slight slump in the market for narrow white ribbon commonly used for badges—which only supports my observation about Business being swayed by our passions. I could name other instances equally evidential, as for example the passing of a simple little state law forbidding the teaching of evolution, which created an unprecedented demand for books on biology, and even for the Bible.

Business is undoubtedly fascinating. Probably it is even *the* most fascinating thing in this great world. However, aside from this more or less circumstantial aspect of our greatness there is another notable mark of distinction, namely, our social structure.

There are two main or major classes in the world today. There is Class A: the reformers who labor day and night to whet our national passion for laws to the point of passing more laws to shorten Labor's working hours to enable Labor to enjoy more free time. Class B: the reformers who labor day and night on (a) surveys to discover how Labor enjoys his free time, and (b) approved methods of forcing him to enjoy it some other way. In addition to these major divisions there are one or two other groups of relative importance—Labor itself (I have already mentioned Business—it is sometimes classed as an Institution, like the Church and the School) and Golf.

When you consider how all these highly specialized groups are gathered together and unified in one great government of the people under the magnificent keep-cool-with-Coolidge plan, you begin to wonder if that idea about its being a great world did not originate in America, after all.

JANE PAUL.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## Al Smith and the Solid South

SIR: I don't think you show healthy reasoning power when you tell your readers that Coolidge could possibly carry the South should Al Smith be the Democratic Presidential nominee in 1928. I have traveled all over the South during the past ten years and am willing to make a good sized wager that Satan could easily carry the South against any man running as a Republican. No doubt Southern Democratic Senators are broadcasting news to the effect that it would be a catastrophe to nominate Al. Their reason for this is that they would rather face a lengthy sentence in Hades than to be forced out in the open to defend themselves and positions where the populace would be really stirred up on a popular question such as Smith's nomination would bring about.

Those who honestly feel that Smith's candidacy would break the Solid South don't understand that section of the U. S. A. No Southern Senator believes the Solid South can be broken on any issue. Ninety percent of the voters of the South are far more liberal than most Northerners give them credit for. On the Romanism issue, on the whiskey issue, and other issues, they are much like their brethren in other parts of the country. Fine Catholic churches dot the South and members of this Church are not ostracised and despised. One hundred—or even twenty-five years ago—such may have been the case but it does not obtain now.

Should Al Smith get the nomination he would poll a much larger vote than would have William Jennings Bryan, for instance. Smith as the standard bearer will, after fifty years of lethargy, stir up the voters down here. It would be a fine thing for the South for Smith to be the Democratic nominee in 1928 so that the South could give the lie to the old assertion that it is narrow and provincial beyond hope. It does swelter in an excess of evangelism—in some remote sections. I am a Southern Republican—the son of a Confederate veteran—and have lived in the South all my life. I am quite sure Smith would carry the Solid South with a whoop and a bang.

RAY A. FRAME.

Orlando, Florida.

## Salaries of Government Employes

SIR: Your well intentioned paragraphs relative to increased government pensions did not take into consideration the fact that the salaries of many employes are so very small that they look with uneasiness upon any attempt to exact a further contribution from them at this time. It should be more generally known that the boasted reclassification plan simply resulted in a reduction in grade to match the salary an employe was already getting; it resulted in no increases among those getting the lower salaries, but often in actual decreases, and it made it practically impossible for an employe getting less than $3,000 to get an increase at all. Employes getting $3,800 and above can be and are readily and frequently increased in pay and in substantial amount; but the most the man at $2,500 can hope for is an increase once in three to five years and this increase amounts to the stupendous sum of $100 annually. The government has a very considerable number of capable research scientists doing valuable, constructive work under such conditions as I have mentioned and I assure you that there are very many employes indeed who view with anxiety the prospect of a 4 percent in lieu of a 2 percent retention for pensions. So pressing are the needs here and now and so ridiculously inadequate are the salaries that such plain opportunism is far from infrequent.

ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

Beltsville, Md.

## Add Evils of Instalment Buying

SIR: As a contribution to the New Republic-Johnson controversy, I beg to submit the case of one Milton Wagman of Brooklyn who has just pleaded guilty to the charge of kidnaping Emma Martucci, the nine year old daughter of a wealthy tile manufacturer. I quote the World story of the trial:

> He said that he had taken the child to obtain money to pay for an automobile he was buying on the instalment plan.

New York, N. Y. STUART CHASE.

## The Austro-American Institute

SIR: With the formation in March of the Austro-American Institute of Education at Vienna one more step has been taken toward better international understanding and coöperation. The Vienna group is headed by the former Chancellor Johann Schober, other members are Karl Luick, President of the University of Vienna; Heinrich Mache, President of the Technical University; Josef Grunzel, President of the School for International Trade; Josef Marx, President of the Academy of Music; Otto Glockel, President of the Board of Education; Karl Breisky, former Vice-Chancellor; Joseph Redlich, Dr. Clemens Pirquet, Richard Strauss, Alfred Pribram, Franz Cixek, Karl Buhler, Friedrich Hertz, Moriz Schlick and others.

Through its director, Dr. Paul Dengler, the group is offering all possible assistance to American professors and students at Vienna, easy contact with those who are leaders in their subjects are arranged, living accommodations are provided for Americans at a

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minimum cost. Social parties and pleasure trips are planned, and the International Festivals of Salzburg under the direction of Richard Strauss and Max Reinhardt are providing especially for the summer guests. Student and professor exchanges can be arranged through the Institute.

Doctor Dengler spent five months in the United States last year lecturing under the auspices of the Institute of International Education in New York. He is now acting as official representative of the Institute in Vienna and has arranged summer courses on the American plan so that a maximum of benefit can be derived from a limited stay. Exchanges such as these are inestimable in the broadening of mental viewpoints and general outlook. Every new contact of this kind established with a foreign country brings the day of a better international understanding closer, and in time small nationalistic prejudices will completely vanish.

ANITA K. KOENEN.

Milwaukee, Wis.

## A Pepperite Protests

SIR: In the article, Pepper as Prophecy, in your issue of June 2, there are these two sentences: "So far as the prohibition issue is concerned Senator Pepper's chief function in the campaign was to expose the insincerity of its clerical protestant supporters. Republican prohibitionist clergymen urged Pinchot to withdraw on the pretext that the Governor was dividing the dry vote." As one of the clergymen referred to I quite vigorously resent your charge of insincerity, and entirely dissent from your statement of the reasons for asking Pinchot to withdraw. And I think that men charged with insincerity and whose reasons for their action have been called a "pretext" are entitled to a defense.

As will probably and unfortunately almost always be the case in any election in which the question of prohibition is involved, that question was by no means the only important one involved in the recent primary contest in Pennsylvania. It should be remembered that Mr. Vare, as a candidate for United States Senator, aroused feelings which many a clergyman, even though not a prohibitionist, would have found difficult to express in language considered appropriate to his profession. Indeed, only those persons who desired above all things a change in prohibition legislation, or who did not wish to vote for a man so far removed from their own walk in life as Senator Pepper, could contemplate the sending of such a man as Vare to the Senate with any feelings but those of utter disgust. It was openly stated that his intellectual ability was so limited that when, in Senate committee assignments, he would naturally have been given important positions, he was passed over because believed to be incapable of filling them. Of even more serious consideration was his record in Philadelphia as the chief power and beneficiary of "Contractor Government." It was felt by many who were neither ardent prohibitionists or enthusiastic supporters of Senator Pepper that the election of Vare, especially if coupled with the election of his running mate as Governor of Pennsylvania, would fasten upon that unfortunate commonwealth the most corrupt ring domination from which it had ever suffered, and that is saying a good deal. Had Vare never come out for modification, he would still have been considered impossible by the great majority of the clerical gentlemen referred to in your article. Therefore, the problem, as they saw it, was how to prevent the nomination of Vare. It was believed, and the event showed the correctness of the view, that Vare could not be defeated if there were three candidates. To many it seemed both unfair and futile to ask Pepper to withdraw, unfair, because he had a most unquestioned right to present himself for reëlection, and futile, because there was no reason to suppose he would comply and because, even if he did, there was no reason to think that enough of his supporters would vote for Pinchot to accomplish the defeat of Vare. Indeed, it seemed probable his withdrawal would have helped Vare more than Pinchot.

Therefore, the only alternative was to ask Pinchot to withdraw. This was not, however, for many of the clerical protestants an easy thing to decide to do. Many of them had formerly supported Pinchot, and still admired his course in some matters, though greatly regretting it in others. On the other hand, it was felt quite strongly that, as you correctly state, Senator Pepper's position in regard to prohibition was equivocal. Besides, many others were anything but satisfied with the way in which Senator Pepper had gone about state and country resurrecting bosses, such as Barnes, of Albany, who were supposed to have been permanently buried, or rescuing from well deserved graves those about to be buried by an aroused citizenry. But as between Pepper and Vare as Pennsylvania's representative in the Senate and controller of federal patronage in Pennsylvania the clerical protestants felt there could be no choice. They therefore asked Pinchot to withdraw, and for the reasons stated above as well as on account of Vare's attitude toward prohibition.

According to your analysis of the vote, Vare received 43 percent, Pepper 36 and Pinchot 21. Pinchot, therefore, as we anticipated, finished a "bad third." If he had withdrawn, and a trifle over two-thirds of his support had gone to Pepper, Vare would have been defeated, which *ought* to have pleased the Governor more than the nomination of Vare over Pepper, whether it actually would have or not. But even if Pinchot's withdrawal had not resulted in the defeat of Vare, it would, in the opinion of many, been the most brilliant act of public service ever performed by Pinchot, and would have kept him in the running for any high office to which he might have aspired in the future, whereas now he can count on much less than a 21 percent vote in any campaign. It seemed to many that there was much insincerity in the Governor's remaining in the race when he must have known that his election was most improbable, and that his continuing was most likely to benefit Vare, who stood for exactly everything against which the Governor had fought. But the last few years, unfortunately, have disillusioned many of Pinchot's supporters, for his course has seemed to indicate that his sincerity is at the mercy of his ambition. I submit, therefore, that your charge of insincerity against those who asked Pinchot to withdraw is both unproved and unprovable.

In addition, your article, while professing to draw conclusions from the Pennsylvania campaign on the whole future of the prohibition question in politics, either through design or want of information, omits one very important fact in that election, and that is the fact that a thoroughly "dry" candidate was nominated for Governor, Senator Pepper's running mate, Fisher. Pinchot's running mate was wet, an apparent insincerity on the Governor's part, as a wet Governor could do far more harm to the cause of prohibition than a wet Senator. One other candidate was frankly wet. The result of that contest was the only crumb of comfort to the friends of good government to be gotten out of the election. Whereas Vare had, I believe, something over 100,000 plurality, although an actual minority of the total vote, Fisher was nominated by over 18,000 plurality. In short, the Republicans of Pennsylvania nominated a dry Governor, a fact which you do not state, and which quite entirely discredits your deductions from the campaign, viz., that in case of a referendum, a substantial majority of the state electorate would oppose prohibition. Besides, the vote was that of Republicans only. But there, again, is a complication, for in Pennsylvania great numbers of Democrats enroll themselves as Republicans in order to influence the Republican nominations, which, in this state, mean elections.

All attempts to estimate the popular opinion on the prohibition question are beset with immense difficulty. As a Senator is reported to have said to a reporter, "If you ask a lot of people in a hot, stuffy hall, 'Wouldn't you like to be able to get a glass of beer?' there will be an almost unanimous 'Yes!' But if you should ask them, 'Do you want to save a saloon on every other street corner?' you would get an almost equally vociferous 'No!'" Discussions of "Light wines and beer," "Modification," "Alcoholic Content," etc., all dodge the real issue, which is, "If liquor is to be sold, how? If not the saloon back, then, what?" Apparently, no man in public life has yet dared face that aspect of the matter. And for that and other reasons all forms of referenda will propose nothing but academic questions, and because they will not make it possible for great numbers of people to say what they want to say on prohibition, great numbers will not take any part in them, and politicians who depend upon the announced results are likely to be surprised.

F. C. HARTSHORNE.

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# Lights in the Southern Sky

*The Advancing South, by Edwin Mims. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 319 pages. $3.*

MR. MIMS, in keeping with his office as professor of English in Vanderbilt University, writes no mathematical treatise on sociology. On the contrary, he chooses a number of vibrant personalities—men and women who have labored in industry, agriculture, journalism, education, letters and race relations and builds around them a story of a South that is not frozen, solid, or stiff. Of course those Northern students (alas, too few in number) who read Southern publications or have direct contacts with the South will find that nearly all the dynamic personalities selected by Mr. Mims are familiar spirits in the struggles of the living present, but most of the grand provincials north of the Potomac and east of the Hudson will be surprised to discover so many fearless thinkers in the land of Heflin, Blease and Vardaman. In introducing them to a wider public Mr. Mims has rendered a precious service.

Before presenting his characters our author arranges his background—the intellectual climate of the South after the great cataclysm. The fine old Bourbons interpreted the Northern victory as the triumph of brute force over intelligence, beauty, chivalry, Christianity and civilization. "This once fair temple of liberty," cried one of them, "rent from the bottom, desecrated by the orgies of a half-mad crew of fanatics and fools, knaves, Negroes and Jacobins, abandoned wholly by its original worshipers, stands as Babel did of old, a melancholy monument of the frustrate hopes and heaven-aspiring ambition of its builders." In the eyes of those who stood with folded hands around the ruins of that once fair temple, the old South had led the nation in education, in letters, in oratory and in biblical virtues against the materialism, infidelity and science of the North, had lost to the Devil, and could do nothing but cover herself with sackcloth and ashes. "Reconstruction" merely confirmed them in their inherited faith. Thinkers who followed the precept of Senator Hill of Georgia, put away the delusions about that "glorious past" and turned to science and industry were branded as "traitors" by the mourners around the fallen temple. Page, Alderman, Trent, Bassett, Aycock, and all the rest of the facing-the-future men were simply hammered and mauled by the patrons of lamentation, verbal inspiration, hookworm, illiteracy, mud roads and Nordic infallibility.

Having brushed in his background, Mr. Mims devotes his opening chapter to Walter Hines Page, the outstanding leader in the intellectual renaissance of the South after reconstruction. Page struck the new note in the vernacular. "Don't once mention the war, nor the old nigger mammy, nor the old civilization, nor the poor white trash. Write in the terms of the vocabulary of the world of today, not of the historical or legendary world." Having turned his back on pious fiction, Page led and inspired leaders in every kind of economic and intellectual work that helped to lift the South from the ashes of bitterness and reminiscence.

After the chapter on Page come two on the leaders of Southern industry and agriculture, who by the application of scientific methods have done valiant work in giving the Southern people a firmer economic basis for intellectual and cultural advance. Mr. Mims does not think that letters, art and education thrive on wind, or that captains of industry deserve less consideration than feudal princes. Then follows a chapter on the University of North Carolina—the work of Henderson, Branson, Knight, MacNider, Odum, J. G. DeR. Hamilton, and the other teachers who make that institution of learning a source of national pride. The modern journalists who wage war on obscurantism next receive consideration—Johnson, formerly of the Greensboro News, Caldwell, of the Charlotte Observer, the Harrises, of the Columbus Enquirer-Sun, Latham, of the Charleston News and Courier, Bryan and Freeman, of the Richmond News-Leader, and many others of their school. If anyone is inclined to think that these editors speak too softly on many occasions, let him take note of what they get from their public in return for the medicine they daily serve. After the journalists come the novelists in a chapter bearing the ominous title From Romance to Realism—a chapter which should be made compulsory for all members of the New York Society for Mutual Admiration. Of course, Heyward, O. Henry, Ellen Glasgow, Johnston, Cabell and Corra Harris need no introduction there or anywhere, but Mr. Mims has described some of their work in relation to their atmosphere—in a fashion calculated to dislocate local mythology and put it on the skids for oblivion.

There are women in the scene disclosed by Mr. Mims. He does not say with the commonalty in Mary Johnston's Hagar that "we can surely trust everything to the chivalry of Southern men." All along the front—in education, in the improvement of living conditions, in letters, in journalism, and in scanning the horizon—Southern women are doing their full share of work. Julia Collier Harris manages a battery of her own at the office of the Columbus Enquirer-Sun, and brings up all kinds of ammunition besides. Charl Williams and Mary Sanders put to shame two-thirds of the trousered pedagogues below the Ohio and Potomac. Ellen Glasgow rakes the opposing trenches with high powered explosives. Nell Battle Lewis, in the Raleigh News and Observer keeps the whole front aflame. Now she fires on "that barbarous religious orgy so common in the South, the revival." Now she pours a stream of shot into the anti-evolution camp. Now she stops long enough to laugh at the local patriots getting out a sixty-volume (more or less) anthology of "choice" Southern literature. From a quiet corner in an Atlanta library Frances Newman sends out literary shrapnel that makes the enemy dance with rage—daring even to praise openly Wade's sweetly reasonable and sincerely accurate book on Longstreet, which almost split Georgia from Athens to the sea.

And the race question. Mr. Mims does not run from that either. He describes the work of the Inter-racial Committee, the newer enterprises of the Southern educational boards, the labors of individuals, such as Mary Sanders, P. F. Williams and Robert E. Lee Wilson, and community enterprises such as those carried out in Durham and Winston-Salem. He tells us that the race question is at last receiving scientific study and that sixty Southern colleges give courses on that vexatious subject. He does not refuse to hear the new voice of the Negro, North and South, "speaking in no uncertain terms against injustice of all kinds." He recognizes the terrible pressure under which all moderate Negro leaders carry on their undertakings. He speaks of "the tragedy of the Negro who suffers from injustice and sometimes from persecution." Moreover, and this is especially significant, Mr. Mims realizes how heavily the old heritage has hung upon the wings of all aspirations cherished by the whites making

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them the slaves of circumstance. The intransigents on both flanks, especially those who put their faith mainly in nouns, verbs, adjectives, prepositions and adverbs, will doubtless tear their hair and fall down in their tracks, but such activities are not relevant to the main issue.

After a parting reflection on the ecclesiastical gentry with broad phylacteries, and a note on those valiant Christian soldiers, Ashby Jones and W. L. Poteat, Mr. Mims takes a glance at the future and rings for his curtain. Our state legislatures which have quite properly made the study of the federal Constitution obligatory in the schools would do well to add Mr. Mims's book to their list of required subjects. To paraphrase John Sharp Williams's reflection, it invites everybody to curse less and to think more.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

# Three Types of Minds

*Richard Kane Looks at Life, by Irwin Edman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 319 pages. $2.50.*

*Intellectual Vagabondage, by Floyd Dell. New York: George H. Doran Company. 261 pages. $1.25.*

*The Home Town Mind, by Duncan Aikman. New York: Minton, Balch Company. 295 pages. $2.50.*

RUNNING through all three of these books is a common preoccupation. All three writers are concerned with types of minds. Mr. Edman is interested in a type which receives very little attention, but which is extremely important, I think; Mr. Dell with a type that is more gaudy and spectacular, but rather futile, useful chiefly to give color to the drab of existence; Mr. Aikman with the type of mind which predominates in the nation. Mr. Aikman's type, which he calls the "home town mind," would regard Mr. Edman's type with suspicion, and Mr. Dell's type with a mixture of horror and romantic interest. Mr. Edman's book is the best of the three, quite apart from its subject. The mind which he undertakes to present stands mid-way between the types discussed by the other writers. His type seeks to reconcile the adventurous qualities of the intellectual vagabond with the solid qualities of the home town mind. Or, at least in this discussion, he presents a mind alive to intellectual matters yet by its mediocreness (using the word with no derogatory intent) compelled to find a place, not among the intelligentsia, but in the business world.

In the preface to his little book Mr. Dell says, speaking of the generation now becoming articulate: "They will be ready to formulate new ideals, and they will be weary of a literary sincerity which in its effort to avoid falsehood merely represents life as a hopeless muddle." And as if to echo this dictum Mr. Edman presents the story of Richard Kane who attempts that very formulation. Richard Kane is a "nearly," which is to say that he is a man of talent and sensitivity but not sufficiently inspired to be a success as an artist. So after a period of discontent and mental struggle (so-called), he settles down to the publishing business, because of its concern, however remotely, with cultural affairs. And since he is reasonably keen and sensitive, it is natural that he should struggle with the major problems of living: morals, newspapers, marriage, education, art, politics and God. What he is seeking is a rationale of life, a satisfying idealism, a comprehension of the business of living. Well, out of the welter of his own thoughts and those of his associates he does build up an attitude that is at least a modus operandi, even if it is not a profoundly original formulation. Mr. Edman suggests that Kane's case is typical. Perhaps it is, but so are the cases touched upon casually in the course of the narrative. Kane considers marriage and decides that marriage is a pretty good thing. He considers the newspapers to be pretty bad, but reads them. He considers morals and decides that morality should assist to fine living. He searches for God and finds Him. He decides that education is finally and by necessity a problem of discipline, but that modern education is a failure. He finds modernist art incomprehensible, and falls back on the classics. He finds politics a disreputable affair, but feels that something must be done about it, or else something disastrous will happen. Well, these are not particularly original conclusions. They are the conclusions of a person with no great passion of mind, which is perhaps what Mr. Edman wished to convey. What makes the book interesting is the account of how Richard comes by his opinions. The process is illuminating and interesting in the extreme. Most of the time I find myself applauding his opponents in the debates, rather than the great and only Richard. But Richard Kane is a good book, and an important one, if only for the reason that it so thoroughly analyzes a type but little understood: the intelligent, sensitive, educated type that must of necessity seek a place in the business world, a world which is too often pictured as completely populated by Babbitts.

Mr. Dell is concerned with another type. He has written what purports to be An Apology for the Intelligentsia. I should like to insert the adjective "sentimental" before the last word, for I hope and pray that all of the intelligentsia are not as Mr. Dell conceives them. After a running and none too thorough, convincing, or accurate sketch of the attitudes of the intellectuals during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries he sketches in some detail the evolution of the attitudes of his own generation, and then refers briefly to the situation of the younger intellectuals. From this account one would deduce that the intelligentsia have always been more or less sap-heads. They have filled their minds with "literature," have been swayed easily by every intellectual current no matter how obviously tepid and shallow, and have generally conducted themselves like idiots. They have never had any scholarship, and so their "originality" has been in direct proportion to their ignorance. They have had but a vague conception of ideas, relying more upon feelings, and if I may use a word tabu among them, prejudices. Frankly, I do not believe that Mr. Dell's book is of much value as a defence of the intelligentsia. Most of the genuinely important members of the group would avoid the types he portrays like the plague. An intellectual who is worth his salt is a person of tough mind, with a firm grasp upon ideas (which implies a disciplined intellect), and a culture that far transcends the narrow bounds of imaginative literature.

Mr. Aikman is not an intellectual. He is a newspaper man upon whose pen Mr. H. L. Mencken has a stranglehold. Consequently, while he has some interesting and important things to say, it is rather difficult to read him with pleasure. He believes that the home town mind, in addition to its admirable and useful solidness, has in it traits that are dangerous to the peace of the world. Particularly is this true when the "home town mind" gets the power to impose its ideas upon the world at large. Chief among these dangerous traits are the tendency to suppress divergent personalities and ideas, the tendency to resort to brute force to control situations which do not respond to treatments evolved by forefathers, and the tendency to avoid discus-

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sions of topics like those which engaged Richard Kane. Curiously enough Mr. Aikman sees a golden day approaching when all of these traits will be eliminated, and the basis of his hope is the conduct of the flapper! And he constantly refers to golden days when these traits did not exist: the days of his childhood. Mr. Aikman admires his elders and his juniors. He is contemptuous of his contemporaries. He must be an incorrigible romantic.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

# Our White Man's Burden

*Porto Rico, by Knowlton Mixer. New York: The Macmillan Company. 329 pages. $4.*

*Black Haiti, by Blair Niles. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 325 pages. $3.50.*

ONE of the enlightening experiences in Porto Rico is to go to a motion picture theatre where the screen titles are flashed in both English and Spanish and to note how seldom an equivalent effect can be obtained by a direct translation. Here we have a test of the standard of values of the ordinary person. "You're a white man!" exclaims the hero in English, and in Spanish appears an extravagant expression of admiration, but containing no reference to color. So, continually, to convey the same meaning one finds it necessary to express a fact in totally different terms. The islands of the Caribbean differ from the North not merely in latitude and temperature, but, more importantly, in their whole sense of values. In many matters we think where they feel, we reason where they arrive at a conclusion by intuition, we see line where they see color. Individually and nationally Americans have made many blunders in the Caribbean, due, primarily, to lack of understanding. Whether a northern people whose respect is for intellectual rather than emotional processes will ever comprehend an emotional, tropical people may be questioned, but we will certainly not comprehend the Caribbean if we have only such books as Knowlton Mixer's Porto Rico.

Before drawing attention to the limitations of Mr. Mixer's volume it is only fair to state that it is the most valuable book so far published on the subject. In an accurate and fair-minded manner Mr. Mixer presents a summary of the history of the island and of its economic, social and political conditions. He has brought together much material hitherto available only in reports and publications not generally accessible. His book will answer the definite questions of the student and business man and the bibliography directs the student to the original sources.

The limitation of the book is that it is a northern and Nordic statement of a tropical and Latin people. It subdivides where there are no natural subdivisions; it is definite concerning matters inherently indefinite; it reproduces in black and white forces which are essentially colorful. Like most Northerners Mr. Mixer evidently considers color a superficial decoration instead of realizing that to the Latin color is of the nature and essence of life, determining its growth and structure, and to reproduce the lines of life in black and white is equivalent to offering a drawing of a ruby or an emerald.

In a generation Porto Rico has experienced a social and economic revolution. If he has sufficient imagination the reader may visualize for himself the dramatic import of such figures as: School attendance, 1900, 25,000; 1925, 225,000. He may feel the urge which sent educated Porto Ricans into the backward interior districts on their mission of carrying education to the jíbaro. He may share the thrill of discovery with which the countryman saw lifted the curtain of isolation and illiteracy which previously had made non-existent for him all that world which lay beyond the horizon of his little valley. But this is more than one has a right to expect of a reader. The material changes which have taken place in Porto Rico Mr. Mixer has recorded painstakingly, but the animating spirit he has failed to present.

In sharp contrast, Blair Niles presents, in Black Haiti, a volume pulsing with life. Steeped in Haitian history, proverbs and poetry—the well springs of their feeling—Mrs. Niles has made dramatic and significant the not unusual events of her travels in Haiti. The Haitian is not cut into sections, neatly labeled history, education, sanitation, religion, etc.; instead one is given synthetic, unforgettable pictures conveying an understanding which no figures or arguments could induce; and through a rare unity of style and material is achieved the emotional effect of a powerful drama. Mrs. Niles's lyrical prose carries a sense of the rhythm which animates Haiti, whether it be the too potent and forbidden drums of the witch doctor or the sound of a thousand men building the highway, their picks striking the earth in unison to the beat of an ancient rhythm as they sing the African songs which they sang in the primitive, barbarous freedom of Africa, under the civilized slavery of the French, through revolutions and massacres and the hundred years of blind, stumbling effort at self-government. Toussaint Louverture and the Emperor Dessalines stalk through the pages as much alive as the Marines of the Occupation—which they are to the illiterate Haitian, to whom history is not a series of dates but a jumble of race relationships in which the black man has conquered and exterminated the white just as definitely as the white man now controls the black.

One will consult Mr. Mixer's book for specific facts and then return it to the shelf; but one will read Mrs. Niles's volume as one would read a romance of the great Haitian, Dumas, and the Black Republic will rise as one of the tremendous dramas of history. And before the actors will lengthen the troubled shadows of the no less moving drama of the future.

VALESKA BARI.

# Why Throw Away Oil?

*The Oil Industry and the Competitive System, by George Ward Stocking. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 323 pages. $3.50.*

THE prestige of competition is wilting rapidly these days under the heat of intensive research applied by realistic economists to its operation in specific industries. It has worked badly in coal; it either has not worked or has produced astonishing and costly waste in oil. Professor Stocking's careful examination of the American oil industry in its relation to competition may easily become a landmark in this development of economic theory.

In the transportation, refining and marketing of oil an approach to monopoly rapidly developed, as everybody knows, under the Standard Oil Company. It was pretty clear that this interest both used "unfair competition" to get rid of rivals and failed to pass on to the public a substantial part of its savings in large-scale production. Competition was thought to be the remedy and a legal attempt was made to enforce it. The situation resulting,

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according to Professor Stocking, was a separation of managements and a discontinuance of the corporate interlockings of the various Standard companies, but a persistence of dominant ownership, and of virtual non-competition among them through force of habit, through division of marketing territory, through concentration of various companies on special levels of the process, which produced a sort of tacit vertical trust. There seems to have been no single price control as is shown by the fact that the prices of gasoline vary among the territories covered by the different marketing companies in a way not to be accounted for by differences in cost of production, transportation or conditions of supply and demand. On the other hand prices are in the main controlled by the several marketing companies within their respective territories.

The Standard group now covers about 50 percent of the oil business as against over 80 percent in its earlier days; discovery of new fields plus the profitableness of the industry plus the anti-trust laws has served to encourage the independents. No independent has a chance, however, unless he has large resources, and there remain but comparatively few marketing concerns of consequence. On the whole these concerns compete with the Standard only in quality and service, not in price; the Standard distributors are the market leaders in price and are followed either by informal agreement or because no one wants a war to bankruptcy. Whether the competition of independents has benefited the public is an open question; whatever consumers may have gained in quality they have probably lost through the costly and unnecessary duplication of service stations.

Since the spectre of the exhaustion of oil reserves has arisen, however, there are signs of real competition among the Standard companies themselves. To assure themselves of future sources of supply several companies have reached into each other's hitherto exclusive processes or geographical territories. Such competition, however, can hardly reduce costs; nor will it probably result in competitive price reductions, since everywhere there is likely, as in the past, to be some recognized market leader.

Mr. Stocking reviews again, with much new detail that is most illuminating, the waste in the procuring of oil from the ground, which is attributable almost entirely to the competitive system. This situation is likely to become the classic example of how competing business men, under existing laws and institutions, are not only induced but virtually forced to do serious injury to the general welfare. It would be difficult for the most convinced exponent of classical, neo-classical, anti-trust or any other school of economics to investigate this subject and come away without the belief that here at least competition and private enterprise combined have caused enormous and irreparable economic loss to the community. The discrepancy between the characteristics of natural oil reservoirs in the ground and artificial property boundaries on the surface results in almost total disregard of established engineering principles of recovery by duplication of wells along boundary lines, badly located wells, waste of gas as pressure to send the oil to the surface, waste of gas as a commodity, waste by the flooding of oil sands.

Nor is there lack of waste even in refining and marketing, since many of the smaller refineries have not installed the practice of the best. There is also, as in most industries, a considerable excess of capacity due to the competition which exists. And there is the waste of excess filling stations.

Mr. Stocking does not in this book do more than hint at remedies, and in doing so he disregards legal and constitutional obstacles. "The fault is largely a matter of maladjustment between the physical facts of oil geology and the ownership basis of oil production. There is no changing the former. A solution seems to demand some modification of the latter." Changing the law regarding the leasing of government reserves is one possibility. Federal and state regulation of production and the drilling of new wells is another. Revising the patent law so that all refineries, not simply the patent-holding companies, could use the efficient cracking process, is a third.

It may be that when petroleum gets so scarce that the price is nearly prohibitive to the common citizen we shall know how to get oil cheaply from shale, or there will be an alcohol substitute. But the type of problem remains. Working out a better technique than competition for the use of natural resources upon which civilization depends is a major job of this generation.

GEORGE SOULE.

# Flame and Ash

*Toward the Flame, by Hervey Allen. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.*

*Soldier's Pay, by William Faulkner. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.*

HERVEY ALLEN has written a straightforward narrative of six weeks of tramping, bivouacking and fighting in the summer of 1918. Toward the Flame is built of the intimate details of the part one man and his companions took in the work. Starting from the Marne they stumbled through a zone of intermittent danger, into the deadly, futile defense of the village of Fismette on the north bank of the Vesle. Here a wound stopped the chronicle as abruptly as it had been begun. The effect of this day-by-day record of one company of infantry is to fuse into startling brilliance the image of a whole army, swarming slowly northeast and stewing in that bewildering open warfare for which it had no proper training.

None of the official or unofficial war records yet published surpasses the detached, authentic ring of this personal account. There were temptations in every paragraph to stress a bit here and there in favor of this or that conventional attitude. But nothing is set down by Mr. Allen in bravado, and nothing in self-pity. There is the history of how a few men ate and slept, and got lost; tramped and fought and got killed. To have kept this freshness of vision was really a miraculous feat of an observer's integrity. Every reader may draw his own moral. It has been easy to see gods, villains and clowns inside of uniforms. Mr. Allen saw human beings.

The "shuffle and crackle of men's feet among the loose slate" of wrecked villages, the numbed exhaustion that made men drop asleep in a muddy ditch in the rain, the smell of mustard gas in wooded swales, and the braying of shells rise freshly from these pages. Through this confusion weave the tangled shreds of platoons, regiments, armies. The general objective is clear, but within the funnel through which the advance is being poured, the confusion of minds is equal to the confusion of doughboys. Orders are given and countermanded; troops are misplaced like trinkets in a cyclone; other troops are needlessly thrust into untenable positions and left there. If any legislators are beginning to be curious about war, they could not find a better source book than Toward the Flame.

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Eight months after this debauch of effort, the countries which had fought in the War were at the nadir of their energy. William Faulkner lays his novel, Soldiers' Pay, in the late spring of that disoriented 1919. The war generation trickles back into a southern village of flowers and sleepy niggers. In place of the burnt out energy are exacerbated nerves, a craving for sensation and a bitter sense of futility. Men still under thirty are abruptly shelved by sleek-haired youngsters, who have new dances and are bored by veterans with wooden legs. Mr. Faulkner recreates that period of slump passionately and stingingly. His characters drink bootleg whiskey, itch with desire, yearn over their demoded purposes and despair of finding new ones.

The force of this, however, is blurred by the fact that Mr. Faulkner does not see around the period he is handling. And the poignancy of situations is weakened by literary echoes, which lead him into straining for effect and misplaced brilliance. Beneath this self-conscious "literature," however, is a nervous, swift talent. When Mr. Faulkner forgets his desire to be devastating he is genuinely imaginative.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

# The Mysteries of the Eclogues

*Pastoral and Allegory: A Re-reading of the Bucolics of Virgil, by J. S. Phillimore. Oxford University Press. 32 pages. 70 cents.*

THE attempt to divine the personal experience and to disentangle the personal relationships which form the background for the early work of Virgil has become one of the most agreeable diversions of modern classical criticism. The discussion appears to have been provoked, in the first instance, about twenty years ago, by the Aus Vergils Frühzeit of Professor Skutsch of Breslau: "the Eclogues look at us with dark enigmatic eyes," Professor Phillimore quotes Professor Skutsch as writing, "from the fascination of which it is not easy to escape." And Prof. Tenney Frank of Johns Hopkins, in his recent book on Virgil, excited some academic disapproval by the unconventional conclusions to which he was led in his attempt to account more exactly for the scenery, the subject matter and the allusions of Virgil's early poems.

Professor Phillimore now goes even further in interpreting the Eclogues in relation to the circumstances of Virgil's life and the personalities of his literary circle. His view is that "the collective subject, the real meaning, the artistic unity of the Bucolics is the contemporary life and movement of poetry during the years 42-39 B. C. (with a disturbing streak of political events), portrayed, as in a masque, within the Pastoral convention. Corollary to this is the notion that prima facie an allegorical interpretation is probable. . . . The Eclogues are not merely poems addressed by Virgil to Octavian, Pollio, etc., but Virgil's poems *of* Octavian, Pollio, etc., having personality and association for their very essence."

In support of this theory, he suggests "three typical instances": first, on the authority of Philargyrius's life of Virgil, the identification of the poet himself, who is there said to have fallen into the river on the occasion of his eviction from his farm, with the ram of Eclogue III which has met with a similar accident in venturing too near the shore; second, the probability that Eclogue IV, with its mysterious prophecy of a Saturnian Age to result upon the birth of an unidentified child—the poem on the authority of which Virgil was supposed, during the Middle Ages, to have predicted the birth of Christ—is to be explained as a pastiche of the Hebrew prophetic style, inspired by the Hebrew studies of Pollio, to whom the poem is dedicated and who may even, in Professor Phillimore's opinion, have been himself a Jew: so that the peculiarly unclassical gaudiness of the Utopia invoked—the sheep with crimson and yellow wool, etc.—would merely represent an attempt on Virgil's part to catch the color of the oriental imagination; and, third, the probability that the two shepherds of Eclogue V are really meant to be Virgil himself and his friend and fellow-poet Macer. The discovery of evidence for this latter supposition, derived originally from a Scholiast's note, is Professor Phillimore's most brilliant stroke; but his reasoning is a little too complicated to be indicated here. He discusses also the problem of the Sixth Eclogue (in which Silenus describes the creation of the world), which was supposed by Skutsch to constitute a catalogue of poems composed by Virgil's friend Gallus and by Frank to be a tribute to Siro, the Epicurean philosopher and Virgil's former master.

We shall never reach any really satisfactory solutions to the biographical problems presented by the ancients: we have too little to go upon. And perhaps information of this kind may not one day appear so precious as, with our mania for personal revelations and our preoccupation with "influences," we tend to find it just now. But what makes so fascinating such scrutiny of the classics as the critics mentioned above have applied to Virgil is the vividness with which it brings to view, across the gulf of time and against a background of which so much is blank, the features of men like ourselves, whose writings, so far from possessing the absolute, the almost extra-human character which tradition has tended to impute to them, were not merely part of our common human experience, but an intimate reflection of civilized lives with intelligence and sensibility like our own.

Professor Phillimore's little pamphlet is written with all the wit and the elegance which are so often found in British classical criticism and are so sadly lacking from our own.

EDMUND WILSON.

# Fiction Notes

*The Worm Ouroboros, by E. R. Eddison. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $3.*

SO much, and by such eminent writers, is said upon the jacket of The Worm Ouroboros that natural perversity inclines one—after further absorbing an introductory letter from James Branch Cabell and a preamble by James Stephens—to scepticism of the book. The artists do protest too much, and the style recalls too closely its chief sponsor's. Beyond the furthest margin of the 438th page is an Argument: with Dates in the very spit'n image of Jurgen and Co. Old English lyrics intersperse the text. A carefully outlandish crowned serpent squirms across the cover. All very painstaking and Cabellistic. Resolute for equal labors in the solution of sex-symbolism and appreciation of satire, we valiantly plunge into the closely-printed pages. . . . A faint bewilderment assails us. If this be satire we're too simple for't—if sex-symbolism, far too innocent! . . . It appears to be nothing in the world but an intricate and absorbing fairy-tale—wars of Demons and Witches, sorcery and bloodshed, chival-

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rous love and ravening lust, knightly deeds and black treachery, hairbreadth 'scapes and prowess in baleful lands and on perilous seas—a sonorous romance, an epic of faëry lands forlorn—purposeless poetry, unmixed with motive or moral.

If this were all, one might accept Mr. Cabell's conclusion that the book will appeal—though powerfully—to few. But the hold gained upon one's interest by the narrative itself is astonishing in pure fantasy. To find one's sympathies acutely aroused toward purely imaginary beings is an experience rare enough after the age of fifteen—and to find members of one's household under that age in mortal combat for the possession of the book overpowers the sceptic's last resistance! So blurbs and sponsors no longer withstanding, we give them best! in tardy but sincere gratitude for unadulterate romance and disinterested beauty.

*Simonetta Perkins, by L. P. Hartley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.*

THIS is a delightful bit of satirical romance—a whimsical paradox in emotional dalliance, in the course of which the soundest ice of Boston all but dissolves in the canals of Venice, and security and common sense are fantastically imperiled and desperately regained. There is good serious writing in the Diary, although for the most part the tone is delicately frivolous. An occasional note of bitterness saves the composition from any threat of sentimentality—as if a languorous barcarolle were played severely by a Back Bay string quartette.

*The Cabala, by Thornton Niven Wilder. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.*

THE story in this novel is simply the structure to be decorated by a series of vivid pictures of members of the group calling itself the Cabala because of its intricate activities, and of some of its achievements in contemporary Roman society. The figures are painted in a high key, but with effective reticence. The incidents which reveal them are sharply dramatic, yet completely incidental. There is excellent suggestive writing throughout—the effect of which is considerably marred by inexcusable typographical errors—misspelling, total omission of words, and astonishing inaccuracies in punctuation.

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

## Contributors

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VALESKA BARI was sent to Porto Rico in 1921 by the U. S. Department of Labor to make a study of social and industrial conditions.

LAWRENCE MORRIS has written sketches, stories and articles for Scribner's Magazine and The Freeman.


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